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Seven Types of American Girls – No. 3 – Innocence

Painted for This Page by Zoe Mozert

Sextuplets !An April Fool Miracle Of Nature

Jean-Pierre, One of the Much Publicized Youngsters, Had His Picture Snapped While Fortifying the Inner Man.

Jean-Paul, as the British Editor Pointed Out, Seemed to Be the Happiest of the Multiple Family.

Jean-Marc, the Papers Said, Was the Serious One and Seldom Dimpled His Cheeks in Happy Laughter.

Jean-Claude Was Star-Gazing When He Had His Picture Taken and Didn't Have Time to "Look at the Birdie."

Jean-Luc, Another of the April Fool Sextuplets, Was Said to Be the Huskiest of the Pyrenees Infants.

Jean-Marie Was Resting When the Cameraman Called and Appears to Be Warning Him Not to Give Away the Hoax.

THE editor of a French illustrated newspaper decided to vary the monotony of life by setting out an April Fool number. Among other things he printed a page with a headline: "Most Miracle of Nature—the Sextuplets of the Pyrenees."

A few days later somebody sent the page here from the French paper to the editor of a London illustrated paper. The London editor, not knowing that the story was from an April Fool issue of the French publication, reprinted it with the headline—Sextuplets Arrive! French Mother Beats Dionne Mother !

And this was the story the English editor printed along with the pictures of the six babies, as he translated it solemnly from the April Fool hoax:

SEXTUPLETS ARRIVE!

A peasant woman, 42 years of age, sits in Triboure, a lonely little village on a spur in the Pyrenees. Her fool rocks a cradle in which lie six full-sized, normal babies. She gave birth to them in one day, seven months ago.

While the world has feted the "Dionne Quins" and Britain has prided itself on the "St. Noel's Quads," nothing has been known of the Triboure "Sixes."

There is no cable line to the little village on the Franco-Spanish mountain border. There are no telephones. And the villagers have concentrated more on giving practical help to the mother than on basking in the reflected glory of her achievement.

The woman who gave birth to the sextuplets is Madame Vicogne. Her husband is a customs official waging ceaseless war on border smugglers.

This is his story of the sixfold birth: "I don't understand how it all happened. When I left on my rounds in the morning, one child was already born.

"I left my wife in the care of a neighbor. As I left, I said to her: 'I feel all is not yet over.'

"When I returned to lunch, I found three little boys in the bed. My wife said to me: 'It's not finished yet.' I believed she was joking. But, while I was drinking my coffee, the fourth arrived.

"All of a sudden I was afraid. I ran to fetch the Cure.

"Four at one felt sweep," he said to me. 'That will be a christening!'

"By evening there were six!

"My wife lay as if dead. I could scarcely stand. All my friends had been offering me a drop to celebrate."

Today all the sextuplets are bonny babies. They are called Jean-Pierre, Jean-Paul, Jean-Marc, Jean-Luc, Jean-Marie, and Jean-Claude.

"The last one," said Mme. Vicogne, "I should have liked to have called 'Jean-al-assez' (I've had enough!)"

I thought of the 'expert' midwives, the highly trained nurses and the ultra-modern methods of feeding and antisepsis by which alone the Canadian Quints have been able to keep alive (wrote the French editor) and I asked Mme. Vicogne what was her secret in bringing up six so easily."

"I could have fed two or three," she said, "but not all six. So in case I got mixed up, which I was feeding and which were bottle babies—you can't mix the diet—I decided to feed them all the same way. The local dairy had plenty of tinned milk. One tin gave me three meals for all six.

"As for their sleeping, my husband made a large wooden cradle. We lined it with straw and wool. They could roll about in it without any risk of falling out."

That was the story that taxed the credulity of all England—until somebody discovered that the French editor was only fooling.

Rudy, the "Community Dog" That Adopted a Neighborhood

Rudy, the Community Dog, With His Young Friend, Dorothy Huber, at Whose Home He Sleeps Most of the Time. He's a Beloved Public Fixture in Cincinnati and Serves as Friend and Watch-dog for the Neighborhood That Willingly Pays for His Keep.

RUDY never will take any blue ribbons as a dog show because he's a mixture of shepherd and greyhound; but in the Price Hill section of Cincinnati he's a thoroughbred in the minds of several hundred people who gladly adopted him after he made it plain that he had taken the neighborhood as his bailiwick.

It was more than two years ago that Rudy—so named because he was run over the day that Rudolph Valentino died—moved away from the Price Hill section with the people who had brought him on from puppyhood. But he couldn't forget the neighborhood and kept coming back. Finally his owners gave up trying to keep him and permitted him to stay with the youngsters and adults with whom he had grown up. A dozen families promised that they would see to it that the dog had plenty to eat and a good place to sleep.

At the moment Rudy regards the home of five-year-old Dorothy Huber, the little girl shown with him in the picture, as his headquarters for he's an overgrown dog. The whole neighborhood is his stamping ground and his responsibility. And the people of Price Hill reward him well for his love and loyalty.

The children of three streets contribute pennies from their school allowances for his food.

Last time the dog licenses were issued Rudy had four of them. He eats five dinners, has a gas allowance and paid for one and three grownups, unknown to the youngsters or each other, put money over the counter to be sure that their community dog was safe from the net of the dog-catcher.

Each week the children go to the grocer's to buy Rudy's rations. They get plenty for their money, too, because the grocer is one of Rudy's best friends.

Rudy is grateful for everything that his pals' owners do for him. Although he's a little stiff on his legs (he's almost 10 years old, he's on the street every morning to see that all the youngsters get to school. Sometimes if one or more of the boys and girls don't show up, he'll stay right there until mop-time to check up again.

He seems to know, too, if the fathers of the children are off to work on time and if he misses a citizen he sometimes noses around to the back door of his home to see what's wrong.

The community dog is a good policeman, too, although he's not as spry as he used to be. Except in cold weather he patrols the neighborhood at night, fearlessly roving from back yard to back yard. He never barks unless he finds into something that looks suspicious to him.

Wife Took Kicks and Burns But Balked at Salt in Bed

IF the testimony which Mrs. Edith Allen gave against her husband in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia was true—and the judge appeared to be convinced that she related facts—then she ranks as one of the most patient wives on record and must have something of the celebrated patience of Job in her makeup.

Mrs. Allen testified that she had put up with a great deal from her spouse before making up her mind to engage a lawyer and ask the law to cut the matrimonial bonds that joined her to Mr. Allen. She had, she said, hoped for the best and had kept her courage up believing that things would turn out all right. But it was no use.

Among other abuses, the wife testified, her husband kicked her. She didn't enjoy this maneuver but kicking alone would not have moved her to go to court.

Then—Mrs. Allen still telling the story—he resorted to even more painful insults and burned her on the neck with a cigarette. The smouldering end of the cigarette made a little searing scar, but she still had faith that the squabbling would come to an end and that she and her husband could work out a design for living tolerable for both of them.

The wife who, apparently, took so much from her mate, recalled that he had thrown gin in her face, which wasn't exactly pleasant for her, either. And then, like some schoolboy playing pranks at the old swimming hole, he is said to have tied knots in her pajamas.

Chief Justice Alfred A. Wheat listened to this recitation of violent and anti-social goings on in the Allen household, asked pertinent questions intended to enlighten the court as to the reasons, if any, for such shenanigans and, finally, granted the complainant a divorce.

Hearings in the Allen case started with only a few casual spectators on hand, but as news of the unusual accusations got around, the attendance increased steadily. Most of the audience consisted of women, who sighed their sympathy, but Mrs. Allen could not repress a faint smile herself when she described the "last straw."

She had a fairly good intuition, she told the court, that the parting of the ways had definitely come to the Allen family when her husband sprinkled salt between the bed sheets.

Strange Statues That Started Bitter Arguments

The Art Lovers of London Worked Up Quite a Furor Over This Piece of Sculpture by Ursula Edgcumbe, One of Britain's Younger Workers in Clay and Stone. The Creator Called It "Bird Girl." But Some of Its Critics Called It Everything From "a Monstrosity" to "A Meaningless Caricature."

IN the realm of art there's no standard of taste so common denominator. In painting and in sculpture, artists those who set themselves up as critics and just plain art lovers are forever finding something to laud or laugh at.

The two statues on this page—one of them a serious piece of three-dimensional art recently displayed in London, and the other a huge figure of wood and plaster of Paris set up on a street in Sao Paulo, Brazil—stirred up particularly heated lines among people who found them good and others who indicted them as monstrosities.

The photograph at the left shows "Bird Girl," the work of Ursula Edgcumbe, a young English artist who believes in the simplification of lines. Some of the London critics found it simple in concept as well as in the mood of the subject. Many of them unhappily gazed upon it and saw only a crude suggestion of a female figure and a "lumpish bird." Those who didn't like it said so emphatically and a minor war raged for a week or two. Miss Edgcumbe was considerably upset by the fuss, but remained silent.

"King Momho," the figure at the right, was raised to celebrate a civic carnival, one of the biggest such constructions of wood and plaster ever built. The police had to be called several times to keep citizens who objected to "defacing the streets" from hacking and burning the statue down.

"King Momho," a Huge Figure of Plaster of Paris, Built on a Wooden Frame, Was Supposed to Grace a Carnival at Sao Paulo, Brazil. It Did—and It Also Was the Center of a Heated Public Row.

A Watch That Measures Light and Sound

FROM a little distance the timepiece shown in the photograph looks like an ordinary wristwatch, but it is much more than that. It does, of course, tell the time of day. It also serves as a stop watch, a telemeter and a tachometer.

A telemeter in plain language is a device which tells an observer how far away he is from the source of light or sound. Here's an explanation of how the watch shown behaves when used as a telemeter. The wearer is walking along and is curious to know how far away an approaching thunderstorm is. When a bolt of lightning flashes he presses a button on the side of the watch, setting a small hand in motion. When he hears the crash of thunder he again presses the button and the little hand stops and the figures on the little dial about which the hand moved registers just how many miles away the storm is.

As a tachometer the watch will indicate immediately the number of miles per hour an object has moved in covering a given distance. Used as a stop watch it can make much finer computations figuring fifths of seconds.

The little clock that does so many other things beside registering the passing hours is called the Pierrez chronograph and is said to be similar to the multiple-purpose watches adopted by the Fascist organizations in Italy.

The inventors of the watch believe that it will prove popular with sport fans who can do their own timing at track meets, automobile races, sailing regattas, etc., and get a more or less accurate check on official timing of such exciting events.

Besides Registering the Time of Day, This Ingenious Watch Measures the Distance of Light and of Sound From the Wearer of the Ingenious Device.

M S M W R R

Covered With Priceless Silks and Adorned With Rare Jewels, Vithal, the Descendant of Hanuman the Monkey-god, and His Monkey Bride Sunderi, Passed Through the Streets While Thousands of Watchers Prostrated Themselves Before Them. And So It Happened That When the Monkey Bride, Overcome by Monkey Curiosity, Committed the Serious Fault of Lifting Her Veil, Few Saw This Shocking Breech of Hindu Wedding Etiquette.

Vithal, Furry Descendant of Hanuman the Monkey-god, Weds a Tailed Vestal Virgin With Ceremonies Such As Even Superstitious India Has Seldom Seen

The Bridegroom Was a Monkey Just Like This at the Right of the Photograph, and Sunderi, His Bride, Was Exactly Like This at the Left.

Traditional Veilings of a Royal Hindu Bride, Which Only Her Bridegroom Is Supposed to Lift When They Are Alone Together.

A Hindu Painting of Hanuman, the Monkey-god, Whose Descendant Vithal Was Declared to Be.

HOUSE HAUNTED, SO THE JUDGE TOOK UP STUDY OF SPIRITUALISM

BUDAPEST.

JUDGE SOLOMAN TOTH, an eminent magistrate of the High Court of Hungary, is his country's most ardent student of spiritualism, not because he believes in the ability of those beyond the grave to communicate with us living, but because he wants to solve the mystery of the strange discomfort that drives him, his wife and their baby daughter from their home in Szolnok. The judge still has his doubts about the existence of spooks, but he has an open mind and may be convinced that only the shades of departed souls could be responsible for the outrageous gargoyles under his roof comfortable roof.

"I am not a nervous man and never have placed much stock in the occult and the supernatural," said the judge, "but things have happened that have me perplexed and worried. some months ago my wife and I thought we heard heavy footsteps coming from our attic. No one was there. Loud knocks resound on our front door—sometimes a dozen times a day. Several times the door was opened before the sound of the knocking had died away. Again no one was there.

"At first I thought we were being annoyed by practical jokers or by cranks who hated me for some adverse court decision. I had a police officer stay at the house. He was there when the knocking went on—and could feel no person in the house or on the grounds. He will certify that my daughter's body was mysteriously covered with painful pin scratches, although no one could have gotten into the nursery. Furthermore, well the night that every bit of glassware in my house was smashed to bits although there was no sound to warn us that our servants, our guests and our friends were being destroyed."

Prominent spiritualists told the judge that his home had become the habitation of trouble-making spooks and it is no indictment of the jurist's intelligence that he finally admitted that this might be so and took up the study of occult manifestations in a serious way.

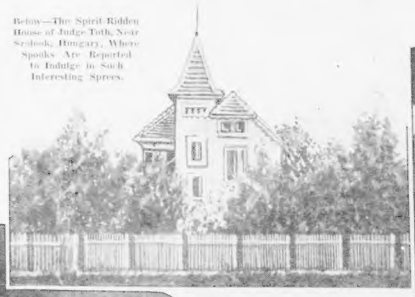
"I thought," he said, "that I might get on good terms with the invisible pranksters, if any, and induce them to leave me and my family alone.

A few days before the Toths packed their bags and escaped to an apartment in Budapest, something happened that hastened their decision to quit trying to share a house with invisible, ornery and unwelcome guests. The members of the family locked themselves in the judge's study. They closed the shutters at the windows. There was a knock. The judge whisked the door open. No one was there, but a small cup, which had been in the baby's room, was tossing aerily about on a rug. Mrs. Toth fainted.

The judge carried his wife to a divan in the library and, to his astonishment, found the chandelier in that room swinging violently back and forth. That was the last straw. Within an hour the Toths were on their way to Budapest and the ghosts, if ghosts they are, had the place all to themselves.

The judge talked with several well-known mediums and attended many seances hoping, against his sanest convictions, that the mystery of his upset domicile could be explained. He is still seeking a convincing answer, and the hotel keepers of Szolnok are cashing in on the army of curious people who are visiting the place to stare at Hungary's best known "haunted house."

Below—Veronia, the Infant Daughter of Judge Toth, Whose Body Was Found Mysteriously Covered With Strange Scratches.



Below—The Spirit-Ridden House of Judge Toth, Near Szolnok, Hungary, Where Spooks Are Reported to Indulge in Such Interesting Sprees.

The Judge in His Library, Where He Prefers to Remain to Study the Customs of Spirits, Rather Than Be Frightened Away by Curious Manifestations.

SUMMER WARDROBE BUDGET-FOR GIRLS CUT TO $39.29

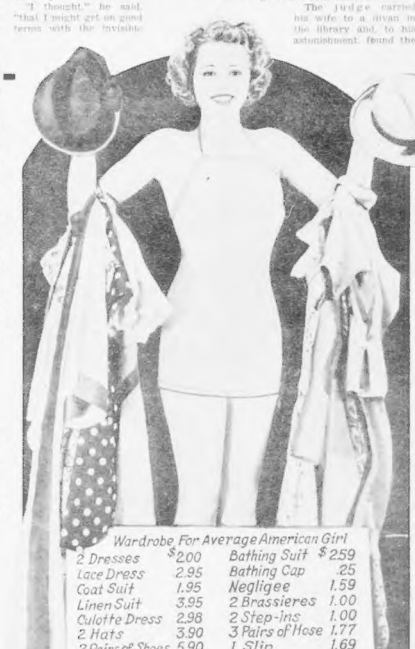
DURING these days of sconeing and and orange it is quite a problem for several million American young women to dress as well as they like on really a modest budget. A lot of the girls complain that the cost of clothes has not been pared down to meet reduced incomes and that even if they have a good job and don't have to depend on daddy or hubby for money it's still impossible to set aside enough for anything like a becoming and complete wardrobe.

Such being the case, a fashion parade at the right should get the interested attention of a veritable army of young women—and women not so young. The parade's helper which the county girl is standing pressmen to say that it is possible to get enough clothes for a whole summer for less than $40. It was displayed recently at Chicago's Merchandise Mart when that center of trade was the scene of a so-called Cotton Carnival.

Offhand it doesn't seem possible that anything like a complete wardrobe, from undies to coat, hat and shoes, could be assembled for less than some women spend for a scarf or a handbag—but the sponsors of the figures shown are said to stand behind their interesting computations.

A glance at the list of wearables shows that it includes three dresses, a coat, a couple of suits and everything else necessary to the well-dressed woman.

Of course, a debutante couldn't be expected to be content with any such supply of raiment, but it is much more lavish than the Summer wardrobe of the average girl and includes a surprising number and variety of items.



Wardrobe For Average American Girl			
2 Dresses	$2.00	Bathing Suit	$2.59
Lace Dress	2.95	Bathing Cap	.25
Coat Suit	1.95	Negligee	1.59
Linen Suit	3.95	2 Brassieres	1.00
Culotte Dress	2.98	2 Step-ins	1.00
2 Hats	3.90	3 Pairs of Hose	1.77
2 Pairs of Shoes	5.90	1 Slip	1.69
1 Pair of Sandals	2.00	1 Handbag	1.00
Slacks & Shirt	1.59	2 Pairs of Gloves	1.18
		Total	$39.29

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

The Wardrobe of an Average American Girl (If You Read the Placard) Need Not Exceed $39.29 for a Summer Season. This Wardrobe, as Visualized at a Cotton Carnival, of Course, Contained No Costly Fabrics. Miss Patsy Shay Is Shown With the Ensembles, and Wearing the Included Bathing Suit.

Miss Patsy Shay, the model so smilingly displaying some of the items that can be picked up so economically, had a few ideas of her own about the clothes she showed off so fetchingly.

"I know," she said, "that there are plenty of women in this country who just wouldn't be content with any such wardrobe. I know that they would think it absurd that anyone should spend a mere $40 for such an array—but I also know that these clothes are nice enough to be worn anywhere, even at the smartest watering places and that there's enough of them to provide for every occasion."

Miss Shay pointed out that, aside from the underwear and stockings, the wardrobe included at least four outfits for daytime wear, three ensembles for the beach and something for evening parties. And there were shoes to go appropriately with each costume.

"The girl of limited income," she said, "has to plan her wardrobe with great care. She must concentrate on clothes that can be worn in different combinations and combined in such a way that they make many different outfits out of comparatively few pieces. This is more than a matter of economy. It makes it possible to pack a complete outfit for a week-end in a small bag and enough for a whole Summer vacation in a small wardrobe trunk."

Amusingly enough, the bathing suit in the collection of models apparel that costs less than two $20 bills is one of the most expensive items. But that, says Miss Shay, is as it should be because a girl looks her best in a bathing suit and spends a lot of time in it.

BOY DOES TOOTHBRUSHES WHOLESALE

LONDON.

SPAIN isn't what it used to be since the revolution that sent King Alfonso scuttling to more hospitable and safer parts, and the aristocracy has to exercise considerable tact in handling its reduced circumstances. But the wealthy and gross Senorita Dona Lopez Heredia carries on now as she did when the royalists ran things to her native land not so far from Madrid, haven't frightened her a bit with their parades and their summer days. She goes right on playing the role of the grand lady and among other extravagances includes a lot of money on the finest of white-blooded Pekingese.

A few weeks ago, during a visit to this city, she discovered that the supply of toothbrushes for her pampered pups and young other had bought five gross of toothbrushes for her string of pets. That's a lot of toothbrushes—720 of them to be exact—and even in dog breeders who believe in giving their animals the best of care the purchase seemed more than a little absurd. What the ranting reds in Spain would have done if they had known that Senorita Heredia tossed hard coin around that way is not known, but it is certain that they would have said plenty to make the lady's patrician ears burn.

Reporters from the London papers ran down the report that a Spanish visitor had bought more than 700 toothbrushes to use on her dogs and although they did not get a definite confirmation of the rumor, they were informed by one of the Senorita's entourage that the bodies of her Pekingese are cleaned twice a day in the interest of health and sanitation.

The gentlemen of the press also learned by diplomatic questioning that the brushes are discarded after a month's use.

Senorita Irene Lopez Heredia, Spanish Dog Fancier, Whose Highly Insured Collection of Pekingese Use Up Five Gross of Toothbrushes Every Year. She Imports the Canine Tooth-Cleaners From London.

KILLED BEAR WITH BARE HANDS

UP AROUND Pineapple Pond, set in the Canadian tall timber a hundred miles north of the River St. John, "Little" Pat Guerin is a hero and fast becoming a legend. That doesn't mean anything to Pat, called "Little" because he's just short of seven feet tall, who works around the Big Bog Camps in the daytime and goes to every square dance for miles around. He gets out of the way when folks start telling how, not long ago, he tackled a 400-pound black bear and killed the brute with his two hair-like hands.

If "Little" hadn't lost his temper the bear might still be alive, stealing food from lumber camps and outwitting hunters and trappers who stalked the trouble maker for months in a vain attempt to collect the $100 reward offered for the bear's carcass by a big lumber concern.

According to Jim Staver, proprietor of the Big Bog Camps, "Little" was on his way to a dance. He went to the shore of Pineapple Pond where he kept his canoe, intending to paddle the few miles to the settlement where the dance was to be held.

"When he got to the shore," said Staver, "he found the canoe ripped all to pieces and the sand cluttered up with bear tracks. Well, I guess it's the first time 'Little' lost his temper in years—but he started for the woods on the trail of those bear tracks and just as he got to the trees out came old Mr. Bear, raised up on his hind legs and ready for business.

"'Little's' bellowing and the bear's growling brought a lot of fellers running from the camp and they saw the sight with their own eyes—saw the man and the bear come to grips. 'Little' buried his head deep in the bear's neck, to keep away from those fang-like teeth, and wrestled around until he got just the grip he wanted. Then he swung his partner—just like he does at the dances—until the bear got dizzy. Then he dropped the big fellow to the ground and fell on top of him. I didn't think there was a man alive with the strength to do it, but 'Little' got a grip on the bear's throat and kept on squeezing until the critter quit thrashing around and went limp. Call me a liar, if you want to, but that's the way it was—and that bear, one of the biggest I've ever seen—was as dead as a doornail."

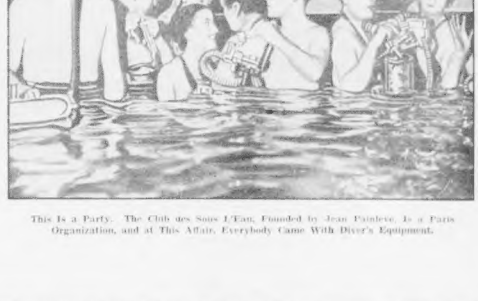
GOP UNDERWATER PARTY

PARIS.

WHEN Jean Painleve, wealthy and energetic son of a former Prime Minister of France, invites guests to a party he has to be careful who pack people who take to the water like ducks. M. Painleve is not, as the photograph at the right might suggest, one of those opulent playboys who spends a lot of time and money thinking up odd ways to amuse himself and his friends. He's a serious scientist who has made a business and a hobby of wandering around on the bottom of the sea and the founder of the "Club des Sous L'Eau"—the "Underwater Club"—with headquarters at St. Raphael on the Mediterranean.

The parties at the right, however, was taken in a pool in the French capital and the party was staged just for fun. All the guests wore special diving masks of the sort that Painleve and his friends use when they go overboard at St. Raphael to stroll among the undersea plants and take movies with a camera invented by their amphibian boss.

Everybody had a lot of fun crawling about on the bottom of the pool and staying down without discomfort, for as long as 25 minutes at a time. Attentive waiters supplied the guests with ignite beer under water, but much more stimulating than good old "aqua pura," as the Romans called the stuff in their baths.



This Is a Party. The Club des Sous L'Eau, Founded by Jean Painleve, Is a Paris Organization, and at This Affair, Everybody Came With Diver's Equipment.

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Buried His Murdered Mistress Beside His Mother's Door?

Mystery of the Rich French Widow and Her Handsome Young Gigolo, the Grave Beneath the Rose-Bush and the Body the River Would Not Hide

Mme. Egender, Mother of the Accused Gigolo, Standing Beside the Rose-Bush Under Which Police Charge Her Son Buried the Body of Mme. Arbel, Afterwards Dug It Up and Threw It Into the River, Where It Was Washed Ashore, Thus Putting the Police Upon His Track.

Mme. Arbel, the Rich Riviera Widow, Whose Body Was Found Washed Up on the Banks of the Little River Escoutay, Near Egender's Mother's Home.

Young Egender, the Gigolo Lover of Mme. Arbel, Murdered Her, Carried the Body Across Country to His Mother's Cottage, and Buried It There Under the Rose-Bush Beside Her Door, According to the Police Version of the Mystery.

Mlle. Therese Buttafoghi, Sweetheart of Egender, Who Told the Police, So They Say, That Her Lover Confessed to Her That He Had Killed Mme. Arbel.

Robert Egender, the Gigolo.

NICE, France, July 27.

WHO murdered [illegible] Marie-Anne Arbel [illegible] a rose-bush belonging to Madame [illegible] gigolo's mother, dug it up again and threw it into the River Escoutay?

The police say it was the gigolo Robert Egender, 25 years old, and they have the statement of [illegible]-year-old Therese Buttafoghi, who says he confessed to her as he tossed a handful of jewels in her lap.

[illegible]

But as soon as her patient began to work on her she beamed and preened herself, intoxicated with the belief that this handsome young man had seen in her charms that the rest of the world had missed. She brought him money, clothes and a hacksaw blade. With the blade he sawed away at the bars of his window. But alas, the patient in the next room was a man, not under the gigolo's spell, and he insisted on having a scraping sound that got on his nerves investigated. As a result, the scheme was discovered, just barely in time. The old-maid nurse departed, but [illegible] remained.

The gigolo had an interesting explanation for his sweetheart's statement that he had confessed the murder. He admitted that the furs and jewels she mentioned had belonged to Mme. Arbel, but said she had turned them over to him as security for a large loan he had made her, when she went broke at Monte Carlo.

"My beloved Therese," he declared, "purred like a dainty kitten as long as I showered her with bundles that brought furs and jewels. Then one night I had bad luck at the Casino and came out with empty pockets. I told Therese that it would be necessary to pawn the jewels. In that instant she changed from a kitten to a wildcat. Many of these Corsican women have bandit blood and I was glad that no knife was in reach. I made her give me the jewels, but she was so full of fury that I knew all was over between us. Her last words were that she would have revenge—no doubt that story to the police is it.

"She has visited my mother's home and knows that rose-bush. With an inflaming smile and a promise, she could easily get some man to bury the blood-stained linen under the bush. But you notice that no trunk or body was found and they never will be because there never were any."

Hardly had he said this than a body or at least part of one appeared. People in some of the surrounding towns, disapproving of Viviers' morals, have stated that though washed by two rivers it remains the most soiled town in France. During the night one of these rivers, the Escoutay, gave up the headless and limbless body of a middle-aged woman, depositing it in a much-decomposed condition on the bank, not far from Egender's mother's home. It is believed to be the torso of the missing Belgian woman but many doubt that the authorities will be able to prove it.

Some of the other inhabitants of Viviers told the police of seeing Mme. Egender, carrying bundles down to the river at night and a chemist informed them that she bought a considerable quantity of sulphuric acid. The police think the acid was used to remove blood stains from the trunk. But it was a wicker trunk, easily destroyed by fire, making the acid needless. She pointed to her kitchen floor from which she removed, she says, the accumulated stains of many years with the acid. As for those bundles, she told the examining magistrate, M. Vauchier, that they were bundles of fodder for her rabbits and he believed her.

If, as the police still believe, the old lady either to get that dreadful present out from under her pet rose-bush or to save her only son, dug up, dismembered the body and threw the pieces into the river after burning the trunk, why did she neglect to burn the linen also?

The police answer that it is exactly such oversights by murderers and their accomplices, working in haste and in terror of being seen, that causes them to be caught. Also they have the affidavit of a taxi driver who says he took Egender and a heavy wicker trunk from Avignon to Viviers. Furthermore the gigolo denied that he visited his mother after Mme. Arbel's disappearance but Mme. Egender admits that he spent one night at her house during that time.

The gigolo's record is a bad one. He began early as a vicious, spoiled child, constantly getting into trouble in Viviers and always fleeing to his doting mother to get him out of it. The psychologists of the French Surete have a theory that this childhood habit of running to his mother in time of trouble reasserted itself in his terror at having the body of a murdered woman on his hands. This they think caused him to flee in panic with the body to her home and bury it under her favorite bush. In the morning, when he told her what he had done and ran away, she would be left with the choice of having the thing found and seeing her only son probably go to the guillotine or of assuming the ghastly task of disposing of the remains as best she could.

Egender, on advice of his lawyer, has stopped explaining, but among the underworld of the French Riviera, a different version is being whispered. They say that one of Egender's rival gigolos killed Mme. Arbel in the course of an attempted extortion and that the vengeful Corsican woman, knowing about it, suggested burying the stained linen under the rose bush in order to shift suspicion to Egender. The police scout this idea. The trial in October is looked to with great interest.

Titles Of Nobility Legally For Sale

HOW would you like to be a baron or a count, or even a duke? If the idea of being a nobleman with a title in front of your name sounds attractive, don't be discouraged because you have no family tree of aristocratic ancestors. True it is that the laws made during Napoleon's time, when the French Government was never republican, it possible to buy a noble title, providing you have a little ready cash and some influential friends.

Many people would like to be called "Baron Smith" or "Countess Jones" or the "Duchess of Dunne" because the name of the county would spell almost automatically to such a high-sounding house.

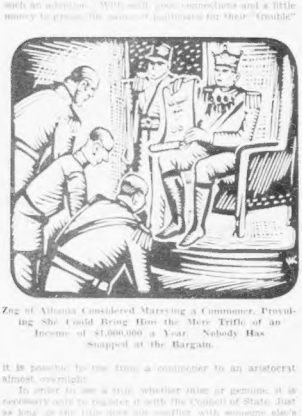
There are many ways of buying the coveted "honor", the young nobles, the most easy and unfortunately the most expensive is to marry into a noble family. The bride-groom-to-be usually demands a large sum from the bride's parents as payment for sharing his title. In the case of Anna Gould and Count Boni de Castellane the marriage settlement was nearly $5,000,000.

Nowadays it is more common for a man not to marry a king. Zog of Albania is said to have announced a little while ago that he would consider marrying a girl of common birth providing she could bring him an income of $1,000,000 a year. His offer still holds good but, as yet, no one has stepped up the largest aisle.

But young men who want a title are really in luck. They don't have to go through any courtship. All they do is to insert an advertisement in one of the Paris newspapers, asking to be made a count or duke, and some noble person probably will gladly accept the small monthly sum duties for a small sum of money. The following notice appeared recently in a Paris newspaper:

"Young man of noble but good family seeks adoption by a gentleman with a title. Must pay $2,000."

This is a fairly small sum for such distinction but the French courts would certainly not license an adoption like this. The Chamber of State licenses, when corresponds in the Presidents' cabinet in the United States, could legalize such an adoption. With still good connections and a little money to grease the palms of politicians for their "trouble"



Zog of Albania Considered Marrying a Commoner, Providing She Could Bring Him the Mere Trifle of an Income of $1,000,000 a Year. Nobody Has Snapped at the Bargain.

it is possible for one from a commoner to an aristocrat almost overnight.

In order to use a title, whether false or genuine, it is necessary only to register it with the Council of State. Just as any of the titles were not sacrificed with sessions, she's it is perfectly straight to use it. Pre-Soviet, no one could use the title "Count of Paris" without risking arrest since there is already someone by that name who has used it for many years and who is entitled to it by actual descent.

Sometimes a Frenchman has several titles to bestow on one before being married to one of them. An Austrian who wishes to use a French title must become a French citizen first. Then he might register himself as the "Duke of New York" or "Count of 5 de Pennsylvania."

In order to change the name of a person must in the following manner the step is planned. Durand presents a petition to the Council of State and asks that his name be changed to "du Barry." The act distinction of separating the parts of a name name has come down from the time of the Crusades when a knight, before leaving for the wars, usually the married a small town or of some remote branch of the family line to which. This makes the name a little familiar to one by the name of Durand who requests the Council that his name be changed to "Dun de Bonchamp de Bernay de Marie Durand." The Council may only two family names but also the names of two towns. The name would have such a sound also of "Dun" not to be the yard.

Sometimes the applicant for a title names may cause a person to be changed. But the usual application form of French is that the would-be nobleman only requested what was exhibited a family name used for generations before the Revolution, which supposedly did away with the system of royal titles. This explanation is, of course, entirely false.

After the bride has bought the next thing to do is to find a small chateau, which is a sort of movable family tree which shows by different symbols and signs just who you are descended from. If your ancestors had the Scottish custom of wearing shaggy whiskers, coonskin coat and no pants, you can have a shaggy whiskers, coonskin coat and no pants program is carried out in a small coat which will line you in all the royal families.

The greatest of having titles has become so widespread that the name monopoly are no longer confined to their original purpose. An story is told of a certain Mr. Smith who was known to talk to one of his friends for being a titled. "Smith sits fine, no right. No right," she said of. "If Smith you'll have the proofs right here. See this is the proofs that gave me." And she pulled out of her bag a document from the Council of State for the sum of about $153, a family small amount for such a title.

Another story concerns a "countess" whose real name was Le Pin. When her daughter was proposed marriage by an eligible young man of good but not noble family, the girl said:

"Before I consent to marry you, Pierre, you must promise to make me a duchess." The young man answered.

"I might as well make you a Grand-duchess while I am about it." At this point the young girl's mother came in and said:

"Young man, if our daughter wants to be a Grand-duchess she shall be. In fact, we can even afford to make her an Arch-grand-duchess." No such title ever existed.

Sleuth's Brilliant Work That Sent His Son To Scaffold

A TIRED, lonely old man, living a hermit-like existence in Flers, a small town in the Department of Orne, France, recently welcomed the death of which with a broken heart, he had been waiting for nearly fifty years. With his passing, there died one of the most astute detectives of a generation ago, whose promising career was ended abruptly by the very brilliance of his solution of a crime.

Fate played the mysterious ingredients of a murder case in a stormy kettle tossed for Chief Inspector Henri Jean Latour whom the Surete, the Scotland Yard of France, assigned him to a case in which he was destined to save an innocent man from the guillotine, send his own son to the scaffold as the real criminal and retire into obscurity, a despondent man.

A keenly analytical mind which was capable of making remarkable deductions, combined with painstaking thoroughness were two qualities which commended the young sleuth Latour to his superiors in the Surete. His relentlessness in tracking down criminals and their inability to shake him off the trail despite the most cunning subterfuge was the talk of the division. He solved case after case and his fame became widespread. his accomplishments.

It was a proud day for him when he was made Chief Inspector of the Surete after a particularly difficult piece of detective work. But this pride was welded within him was also tinged with bitterness, for the home life of Henri Jean Latour was quite the opposite from his successful professional career.

His pretty wife, tired perhaps of waiting endlessly at home for a husband who was away most of the time on the dangerous business of the Surete, disappeared, taking with her her little infant son.

For a short while Latour was inconsolable, but he was far too occupied to remain in that state. "Perhaps it is better so," he mused philosophically. "She undoubtedly has met a good man who will give her and the boy all of the loving care and affection which I did not have the time to give. And the boy will be reared in an atmosphere far removed from all contact with crime."

Thus did he thrust home life from his mind and with greater determination than ever spend every waking hour in the pursuit of criminals. And some of the most feared evildoers in France would shiver at the very mention of the name "Latour" and mutter, "Sacre Diable, but that man never sleeps!"

Time passed and then, suddenly the North of France with its peaceful countryside was terrorized by a gang of burglars that stopped short of nothing. Reports to the authorities by the alarmed citizens were to the effect that the gang was headed by a desperate young man who held life cheaply.

This fact was brought out dramatically a short while later when an old couple, living in Lille, were murdered when their house was robbed. It was a brutal murder, and an unnecessary one of a helpless old man and woman. It aroused the indignation of the countryside.

The Paris authorities, aroused to activity, arrested a man named Gallon and gathered quite a bit of circumstantial evidence which convinced them that they had captured the guilty person. Nevertheless, as the excitement died down, some of the local townsfolk discussed the affair more calmly and began to wonder if the real culprit had been caught.

"This man, Gallon, is dark," said one, "and when I caught a fleeting glimpse of the murderer, I thought he was fair. But of course, it was hard to really to tell."

"I am not so sure," said another, "especially when I drive along the road on the way back from the pasture on the evening of the murder I saw a man who looked like this Gallon walking along the road towards town, and that was at least two miles from the house where the crime was committed."

"If the great detective Latour were here, he could set us to rights," said the first. "I hear that he has never failed to solve a case. Perhaps we should send for him for an innocent man's life may be hanging in the balance."

The townsfolk prevailed upon the Minister of Justice to send for Chief Inspector Latour. But Latour was engaged on other police matters when the message reached him. They were not vital problems however and Latour really wished a change of scene. But after he had agreed to take up the murder investigation, some inner prompting caused him to hesitate.

He said later, "I had the feeling that upon this case would hinge my entire career, and something warned me that, while I might successfully pursue the investigation, it would have a tragic climax."

How prophetic this hunch really was, was not long in being proved. For Latour was a man of action as well as shrewdness, and once he got on the job, things began to happen. Latour agreed to leave Paris. The Surete gave him the assignment officially and within a few hours he was searching the murder house and other houses in the vicinity. He was thorough and astute, and little by little he unearthed clues and pieced them together, running down one phase of the case after another, and gradually drawing up theories of what had most likely happened. He was not a theorist and avoided jumping at conclusions until the facts in mind pointed to a definite analysis of the crime.

When the Facts Were Assembled, the Astonishing Result Brought a Crushing Blow to the Brilliant Detective. He Discovered What Was to Wreck His Own Life.

Gradually the conviction grew in his mind that the real murderer had not been apprehended that Gallon was innocent. Tirelessly he continued his investigation until, after eliminating several suspects he concentrated upon a young man whose name was Georges Veron.

He began gathering his evidence. Gradually as each new clue was uncovered the mantle of guilt settled more firmly on the shoulders of young Veron. But still Chief Inspector Latour was not satisfied. He would leave no stone unturned to present an airtight case to the court.

He probed into the suspect's past and found that he had previously been a member of a gang of burglars. Delving still deeper, he discovered that as a youth, Veron and his mother had lived with a scoundrel who had taught the growing youngster to steal.

Latour would have been happier if he had neglected his thoroughness. But he had been a policeman too long to leave a case unfinished. Had he been content to point to Veron as the guilty man, and then give up his interest, his hunch about a tragic climax might never have materialized into tragic fact.

But Latour had struck the trail and he was determined, hunch or no hunch, to follow through. He set the cogs of his department into motion bravely to pierce the veil of Veron's true identity. And eventually Latour learned what he had begun to dread—the shocking heart-breaking truth. When the facts were assembled, they fell upon him with crushing weight, and for the first time in his brilliant career he recoiled from the duty that was his. But the indignant of the policeman for the enforcement of law and justice prevailed and Latour braced himself for the thing that he must do.

Quietly he arrested the guilty Veron and turned him over to the court which started him on his speedy way to the guillotine. The grateful Gallon was released, and Latour, evading the applause of admiring colleagues, resigned from the Surete and departed for his native Normandy, a heartbroken man.

And only he and his chief knew that the murderer whom he had so adroitly delivered to the executioner's waiting blade was his own long lost son.

Legally Unborn, So He Couldn't Wed His Fiancee

IN France a citizen may be wed though alive and unborn though really to be married, a pretty young Scottish girl from Inverness-shire recently discovered when she left her native Highlands and traveled 600 miles to Dieppe, France, to marry the man to whom she was engaged. And though, as she found, bashful bridegroom appeared before the mayor and explained that he was both alive and very much in love with the young lady, the mayor could do nothing. According to the legal records he pointed out, the young man was not scheduled to be born until June 14th, 1903.

Two years ago, while on a holiday in Scotland, the authors' Frenchman who is the central figure in this current legal paradox met an attractive brunette. They soon discovered that they loved each other. So proposed not one but several times and finally accepted. Then the date for the wedding which was to have recently taken place in Dieppe.

It was when the prospective bridegroom went before the French authorities to obtain a marriage license that the legal tangle occurred. In order to marry his bride he needed a license. In order to get that license he had to show a birth certificate. And to show a birth certificate he had to be born.

A search of the birth register failed to reveal his name among the entries for the year in which he was born—1895. Since legally a man does not exist in France unless he can produce a birth certificate, this left the bridegroom up in the air, until his name was finally found registered as one who was scheduled to be born on June 14th, 1963 instead of 1895.

The clerk in charge was sympathetic but not exactly helpful when asked what could be done about correcting the clerical mistake. Well, he suggested, the wedding might be postponed for, say, sixty-five or seventy years. Then, on the happy day, the groom could appear before the groom would still be a minor then and have to ask his parents' permission. With all this waiting and trouble in prospect, why marry anyway?

"Because I love her!" answered the young man logically.

"Oh!" said the clerk. "That is different. I suggest that you see the mayor."

Hopefully the couple called upon the mayor. He also was sympathetic but not a great deal more helpful than the clerk had been. Yes, he could see and touch the young man before him and satisfy himself that he really was. Yes, he could see that he was in love with the young lady. But marry her? No, no and again no. How could one who was not yet legally born get married?

The couple made one last effort. Surely there must be some way they asked. The mayor went into conference with himself. Then he remembered that the High Courts had the power to alter the entry in the birth register and to officially declare that the young man had been born.

The machinery for doing this has now been set in motion and the groom estimates that in about six months the error will be legally corrected and he may marry. He says it is a complicated procedure but much better than waiting for sixty-five years.

Grasshopper Plague Checked By Clever Boy

GRASSHOPPERS several inches deep in spots, were swarming over the district around Loveland, Colorado, stripping the fields of everything green, and since no one seemed to be able to control the pests, it looked as if all the crops in the region were going to be wiped out. The farmers were all mighty gloomy about it, but just when it seemed they were going to ban the results of a decade's industry, the day was saved for them by 15-year-old Clark Kistler, a bright lad with an alert, ingenious mind.

Clark's father, Mr. George Kistler, is a turkey grower, and for him the situation was particularly distressing. Turkeys have healthy appetites and commercial poultry food costs money. So the best way to increase the income from the birds is by growing as much of their food as possible on the home place. But by destroying his crop of turkey food, this plague of grasshoppers was ruining him.

Then Clark had his smart idea. He had observed that turkeys like grasshoppers, and they have no fear of diet. Therefore, if the grasshoppers were consuming the food intended for the turkeys, why not feed the pests to the poultry? He suggested this to his father, and Mr Kistler said it was a fine notion, all right, but who was going to catch the grasshoppers?

"Why, the turkeys themselves," replied Clark.

"True enough," admitted Mr. Kistler, "but if we turn those turkeys out of the pens they will be all over the county by sundown, and we'll never get them back."

Clark was not so sure of that. Ever since he was 11 he had been helping his father raise turkeys, and he had learned a lot about them. Each pen had its "brooding master," who was the "head man," and ran the outfit. Clark's idea was to pick a seasoned but aromatic old gobbler as brooding master to head a good sized flock made up of turkeys from several pens. Then, after training the birds to stay together and follow their leader, he was sure he could drive them anywhere he wanted to, as easily as a sheep herder with a bellwether ram.

Mr. Kistler was doubtful, but Clark pointed out that since they had 3,200 turkeys, and were going to lose money unless something was done, the plan was worth risking

Clark Went to Work With a Huge Flock of Turkeys, Driving Them From One Pen to Another Until the Birds Were Trained. Then Began the War on the Grasshoppers.

some of them—say about 1,200. If the scheme worked and they got rid of the grasshoppers, thus saving their crop of turkey food, they would cut down the expense of having to buy a considerable amount of commercial feed for the entire flock. Besides, the turkeys that ate the grasshoppers wouldn't need much else.

"Well, you I can train 'em," the youth added, and there was something about the way he said it that convinced the father.

So Clark went to work with a flock of 1,200 turkeys, driving them from one pen to another, in the open—day after day increasing the distance. This called for a lot of patience, but like every person Clark has an infinite capacity for taking pains. He never lost his head, and shouted at them, or waved his arms—he talked to them quietly and shooed them gently, and soon had them trained.

The first time they were set to "pasture" however, he almost lost them. Turkeys have an instinctive dread of hawks and buzzards, and it just happened that Clark's flock was out in the fields that morning when the regular mail plane that flies between Denver and Cheyenne passed overhead. They took it for a monstrous bird of prey, and became greatly agitated. That was when the lad showed his skill, for in a short while he had calmed them.

After that, they responded to his commands better than ever, for they looked upon him as their protector. So early each morning he would drive them over the fields, letting them feast on grasshoppers, until the sun became hot. Then he would herd them back to the roosting sheds until the cool of the afternoon, when they would feast again.

In a few weeks the Kistler ranch was entirely rid of the pests, and when the neighboring farmers heard about it they appealed to Clark to graze his father's turkeys over their fields. Times being what they are, the farmers did not see how they could pay for this service, but they would not charge him anything for the grasshoppers.

For the next three months the youth moved the flock back and forth from one farm to another. Temporary roosting sheds, made of scantlings and tar paper, were rigged up on each place he visited, and Clark slept in a tent near his flock. Sometimes he cooked his own meals in the open, but as a rule the farmers' wives, and daughters, were only too glad to supply this unusual youngster with anything he wanted to eat.

As for the turkeys, they got sleek and fat, and eventually they put an end to the grasshopper plague in Larimer County. And while they were about it, young Kistler learned some interesting things about turkeys. How they killed rattlesnakes for instance. Whenever the flock came upon one, all the birds would immediately gather around in a large circle, chattering excitedly. The brooding master would then advance, and spar adroitly with the rattler until the snake struck. Leaping aside, the gobbler would then hop back on the snake while it was uncoiled, and seizing it with claw and beak, would kill the serpent.

Although Clark received no wages, he was rewarded for his good work. His father gave him his choice of any 50 turkeys in the flock, and the youth, knowing the flock as he did, naturally picked the best ones. As a 4-H club member, he entered these in the Larimer County Fair at Loveland and later in the State Fair at Pueblo, winning the turkey championship at both shows.

Can You Guess What These Mean?

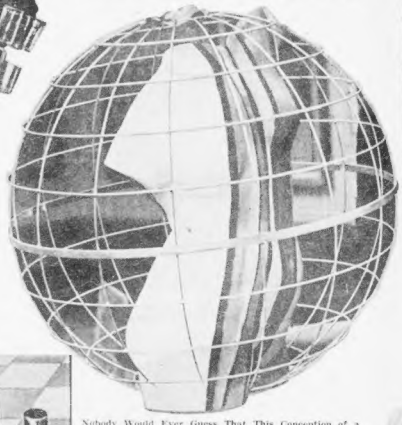
Fantastic Conceptions by Surrealist Artists That Recently Puzzled London—But Which Are Not as Crazy as They Look, Their Creators Say

Jacket Decorated With Whisky Glasses and Exhibited at the London Surrealist Salon, Labeled by Its Creator, "Aphrodisiac Jacket."

"Paranoiac Head," Masterpiece by Salvador Dali, Leader of the Surrealists. Viewed as Above, It Shows Natives Sitting in Front of a Hut, but Turned Sideways Is the Head of a Crazy Woman.

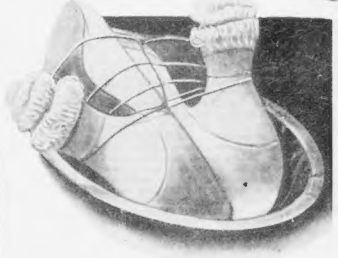
This Picture Was Labeled "Loplop Introduces a Young Girl." Nobody but the Artist Knows What a "Loplop" Is, but It May Be Seen Leaning Over the Surrealist Conception of a Young Girl.

What Would You Think This Model, Carrying a Leg and Her Head Covered With Roses, Signifies? Never a Ghost—But That's What It's Supposed to Be.



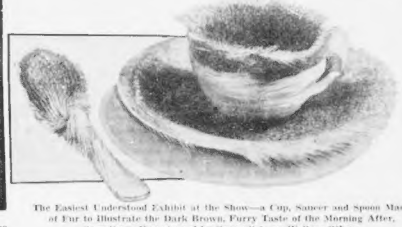
Nobody Would Ever Guess That This Conception of a Dressmaker's Dummy in a Wire Cage Represents "The Last Journey of Captain Cook."

The Artist Calls This "Kabaline in Movement," and Apparently It Has Something to Do With Mediums, Ectoplasm and a Dead Man, Whose Tool Is Sticking Out of the Pavement.



Interesting "Subconscious" Conception, Consisting of a Pair of Woman's High-heeled Slippers, With Paper Ruffles, Tied Together in a Wash Basin and Entitled, "My Nurse."

"Dialogue in the Night," One of the Craziest Pictures in the Surrealist Exposition, the Only Explanation of Which Is the Artist's—That It Sounded Like That to Him.



The Easiest Understood Exhibit at the Show—a Cup, Saucer and Spoon Made of Fur to Illustrate the Dark Brown, Furry Taste of the Morning After, Sometimes Experienced by Surrealists as Well as Others.

LONDON, July 29.

READERS of The American Weekly will recall the startling series of drawings by M. Salvador Dali, leader of the weird Surrealist artistic cult, that appeared in these pages.

The Surrealists of Europe have now held an exhibition of their latest and strangest works at the New Burlington Galleries in London, which has aroused much controversy, some critics declaring they are not artists, but moonbanks, while others say that they have opened a great new era in art. Some even suggest they are insane.

Not content with showing their weirdest paintings at their exhibition, the Surrealists have gone much farther and exhibited strangely arranged pieces of fur, fuzz, wire, discarded vegetables and clothes, many kinds of solid objects and even a carefully dressed live woman.

One of the stunts of the Surrealists is that they go beyond realism and draw their artistic conceptions from the subconscious in a state of paranoia or temporary insanity. A strangely dressed woman, they say, may be considered a stimulating paranoiac conception.

As the visitors wandered from one "masterpiece" to another, their bewilderment grew more puzzled as to whether the Surrealists were fooling them or fooling themselves. The exhibition was more like a gaggle of charades or "Guess what this is and why?" than an art show.

One artist, Meret Oppenheim, exhibited a fur-covered cup, saucer and spoon, which was supposed to have a deep significance to those who know what it was all about. Another Roland Penrose, showed a dressmaker's dummy in a wire cage, which he called "Captain Cook's Last Voyage." A pair of white slippers with paper ruffles on the high heels were wired together and set upon an object familiar in hospital bedrooms. The title of this creation was "My Nurse." A waiter's jacket covered with many small whisky glasses was another creation.

Whether or not some of the Surrealists had their tongues in their cheeks when they exhibited their masterpieces, one of them at least treated the art show with the greatest seriousness. He is M. Andre Breton, leader of the Surrealist movement in France.

"The exhibition is revealed not as one more little sectarian affair destined to flutter the ladies of London and Paris, but as a collective and even desperate attempt to transform the world," he said.

The explanation of the weird art is not as difficult as is the understanding of some of the pictures and figures produced by its enthusiasts. The Surrealists say that to most people the idea of reality is based on the limited reactions of the senses and on other words that seeing is believing. But, they reason, life has other means of expression besides that which is tangible and obvious. These may be revealed by the subconscious.

They say that when we let our imagination go, and do not try to control it, our thoughts take queer "shapes" which form a succession of wildly differing pictures like multi-colored beads running on a string. They might be in the form of day dreams while most of us have at one time or another.

Suppose, say the Surrealists, you were walking down the street and saw a fat man with big whiskers. Suppose you yielded to the temptation to pull those whiskers to see if they were real or false. If you let your imagination run riot, you might see yourself tugging at the whiskers which came out in your hand. You take to your heels in confusion and start running to get away from the fat man's wrath, the whiskers still clutched in your hand.

Or you may see yourself turning the corner and coming suddenly upon a fruit stall. You grab a pineapple and run off into a nearby machine.

If you were a Surrealist artist and imagined all this, you might paint a masterpiece called "Fat Man with False Whiskers." The painting would show a hand clutching the whiskers in one corner. It would show an orange rolling into a manhole and a pair of mechanical legs running wildly.

But the Surrealists do not stop with thoughts and day dreams. Nightmares and dreams also offer a fertile field for their art and the result is some of the most astonishing examples of Surrealist masterpieces shown at the recent exhibition.

Now that you know what it is all about, perhaps you may be able to interpret some of the fantastic pictures which you see on this page and which so surprised visitors at the London show recently. One of the nice things about Surrealism is that everybody is entitled to his or her own interpretation. In looking at an exhibit, you may see one thing and your friend may see something entirely different. But the Surrealists, to whom you both explain what you see will smile good-naturedly and tell you both that you are right.

At the top of the page is the living woman who was exhibited under the title "Surrealist Phantom." One interpretation of it is that she typifies a ghost which we may see in our dreams. Since the faces of ghosts in dreams seldom have features, the head covered by a bunch of flowers would convey the impression as well as if the head was merely a ghostly white sheet. Roses were chosen as the flowers to be used because the phantom, somehow, was associated in the mind of the artist with the scent of them.

The leg which the "phantom" carries might have any of several meanings. A psychologist might interpret its significance one way, and a student of literature another. Washington Irving's "Headless Horseman" for example, carried his head around under his arm.

And why shouldn't a modern phantom do the same with a leg instead of a head?" the Surrealists argue.

Next to the phantom appears "Loplop Introduces a Young Girl." Just what a loplop is, only the artist, Mr. Max Ernst, seems to know, and he won't tell, but the loplop itself may be seen outlined behind the oblong plaque. The plaque itself which is supposed to show the young girl is a good example of the disjointed, or disassociated ideas as explained in "The Fat Man with False Whiskers" day dream. The powderpuff, ring, pendant and freakish tin woman's hat all mean something to the artist and to the Surrealists who claim that they are able to interpret its significance.

"Paranoiac Head" is the title of the rectangular picture at the top of the page. Exhibited by Salvador Dali, the leader of the Surrealist art movement, it is really a trick picture. By looking at it in the regular way, several natives sitting in front of a hut at a desert oasis may be seen. But when the picture is viewed sideways, it discloses the head of an insane woman.

At the upper left is a picture of a waiter's coat to which many little liquor glasses are attached. This and the cup, saucer and spoon of fur at the lower right were the least difficult to interpret at the Surrealist exhibition. To a person who has been steadily drinking at a cafe or night club, the frequent reappearance of the waiter with still another drink may look like this after a while. Even sober people can scarcely remember what a waiter's face looks like. They just remember what he brings them and how good or bad the service is.

The fur cup, saucer and spoon express the dark brown furry taste that is present the morning after the night before when the morning coffee and everything else tastes that way. It is the inspiration of Meret Oppenheim.

But not all of the exhibits are as easy to interpret, whether the interpretation be right or wrong. "The Last Journey of Captain Cook" shown in the circle near the center of the page is a puzzler. It can be reasoned that the wire cage represents the globe and the wide circle around its middle, the equator. But why is the dressmaker's dummy in it? We can figure out that the dark portions of the dummy represent night in one portion of the world, while the light half represents the sun shining on the other hemisphere, but there our deductions stop. One explanation of this picture is that the adventurous Captain Cook, although he sailed all around the globe, nevertheless was bound to earth—imprisoned by it, as the exhibit seems to show. If we follow this line of reasoning then the pieces of lettuce at the top of the globe may represent his soul escaping after his death.

At the lower left is an exhibit of "Kabaline in Movement," by Victor Brauner. To get a clue to this we must hunt through the encyclopedia. "Kabbalah" or "Cabala" we find, signifies "The mystic theosophy of the Hebrews" or "any occult system." There were emanations shooting out as rays which the Kabbalah received in biblical times, presumably from the Deity. Thus in the picture we can see the emanations being absorbed by one of the Prophets. But can you figure out the significance of the rest of the objects, the chair for example?

Even the encyclopedia won't help out in interpreting "Dialogue in the Night." Here is another "Fat Man with False Whiskers" type of exhibit with a number of disjointed ideas. Just what the lower half of a woman's body surmounted by a bird-cage, imprisoning a man's head topped with fruit and flowers represents, only the artist knows. The skeleton companion with a head that is a window through which birds are flying into the dawn makes it more difficult. If you can figure this one out, you are entitled to top honors in the interpretation of Surrealism.

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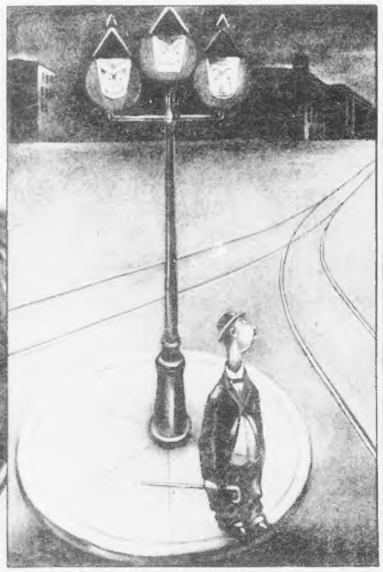
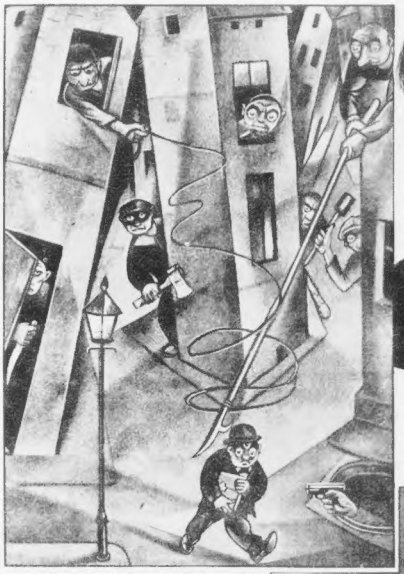
Returns to Share Her Husband's Strange Prison of Fear

Prof. Leonard's Young Third Wife Repents of Her Divorce and Rushes Back to His Side to Help Him—But Science Explains That Nearly All of Us Suffer From Senseless Terrors Like Those That Afflict Him

Professor William E. Leonard, Distinguished University of Wisconsin Teacher, Whose "Distance Phobia" Lost Him Both Second and Third Wives—But the Last One for Only a Few Weeks.





The Fear of Open Spaces and the Fear of City Streets—Two Common Modern "Phobias." In the First the Victim Feels an Overwhelming Loneliness and Sees Strange Faces Everywhere; In the Second He Feels Danger Lurking at Every Corner. Two Drawings by the Clever German Satirist, Girod.

The Youthful Third Mrs. Leonard, Who Fled From Her Husband's "Mental Prison," Found She Could Not Be Happy with Freedom, Had Her Divorce Annulled, and Has Rejoined Him.

The Morbid Fear of Germs, Another Present-Day Phobia, As Satirized by Girod.

The Imagination of a Sufferer from Shadow Fear Turns the Shadow of the Fortune-Teller Into a Gigantic, Menacing Cat. Another Drawing by Girod.

Not long ago the learned world was startled by Prof. William E. Leonard's resignation as head of the Department of English at the University of Wisconsin, announced that he was in love with another woman and that his wife could not stand his presence, because of his queer phobia or fear, that made it impossible for him to travel beyond a few blocks from the university.

But after a few weeks of freedom, young Mrs. Leonard discovered that being loved no longer, he began to annoy her, and she hurried back to her husband's side. Now Professor Leonard has married for the third time, and his wife, who is a cousin of the famous Dionne quintuplets, is expecting a baby.

As I was writing a friend of his more than a thirty years' acquaintance, she said of him that he is always learning something new, and one of the many things which she admired in him was his ability to overcome his fears. "When we married," she explained, "he could not stand the sight of an egg, for which he would run, and that, therefore, I decided, all contact with the world must be cut off." Other shocks of the early days of their marriage, she went on to say, were a fear of fish, as it did not suit her digestion, and she did not suffer, and she lied from him. But apparently the passing of time gave stronger than those of literature, and they have united for keeps, it seems.

Mrs. Leonard, a graduate student and an honors course student, was given a prospect with which

But remember, she said, "I found from the moment of our new freedom I had the most terrible feeling of loneliness. I felt as though, without him, I was only a name half. I brought back every one my husband had given me. I could not be happy outside of my self-imposed prison. I loved my husband."

So when Circuit Judge Heppmann heard this, he revoked the divorce decree of three weeks before and Grace and her husband were reunited.

Fifty-six years ago, when Professor Leonard was but three years old, he was frightened by a locomotive. On a railroad platform for the first time in his life, an engine thundered by so closely that a puff of hot smoke burned him a little. The effect of the shock on his emotions itself for years. Like an emotional neurosis, it was nothing in his brain, waiting for some reinforcing shock to free it. This was provided by the train ride, although it had nothing to do with it.

The fear emerged and began to grow. Gradually it pinned him down to an area of six blocks around the University, only so that mental pressure could be let in at times. And not only engines and trains, but crowds, street traffic, many kinds of noise and even large spaces became to his mind associated with the fright would bring on his phobia pain.

There is no mystery—no unknown agent, Professor Leonard's curious affliction. Nor is he more crazy than a normal man. It affects all men in the form however that the real cause of the fear is something quite different from the apparent cause. Some hidden unhappiness or mental conflict in the part of the person with the phobia is responsible for the condition. The thing attacked, to be afraid of is merely a symbol of this deep-seated mental misfire.

A common phobia is fear of being seized or attacked from behind. In most people, such an explored or soldiers of fortune, this may be merely a habit formed for entirely reasonable motives, but usually it is senseless. It is why so many persons insist on reserved tables in restaurants, or select seats against the wall in a hall room or other social locality. Some victims of this fear even feel uncomfortable in a theatre anywhere except in the last row, or in a street car anywhere but in the last seat at the rear.

Professor V. E. Fisher of New York University, describes a man who was ruled by this fear for more than forty years before he accidentally found out what had given it to him. As a man in his fifties, he happened to visit the town where he had been born. Someone reminded him of a youthful incident on which he had been chasing a handful of peanuts from a local merchant when another boy hidden behind the peanut barrel jumped out and grabbed him from behind. As soon as this incident was remembered fully and understood, his phobia of being seized from behind disappeared.

"Afraid of his own shadow" is a description of excessive timidity. Fear of shadows is an extremely ancient one, with its roots in primitive superstitions, but many have it still today. Science calls it scia-phobia, from the Greek word meaning shadow.

Dr. Hilda Weiser, of the Institute of Medical Psychology, in London, tells of a shadow phobia which did not develop because it was recognized and treated in the correct way in the beginning. A young child happened to see her own shadow on the pavement as she was walking along the street with her mother. This shadow, cast by a street lamp, seemed to dance and beckon menacingly. Instantly the baby had a spasm of fear.

Her fear of shadows grew worse and promptly extended to other things. A full-fledged phobia evidently was in formation, precisely like many other cases which give people life-long fears of shadows or of the dark. A good psychologist, interested, however, in curing this child's shadow fears by explaining the whole thing and demonstrating how shadows are made.

One of the more familiar fears is claustrophobia, or fear of inclosed places. In a case in Boston not long ago a physician was prevented from serving because he suffered from this fear and could not stand being locked up in the jury box or in a jury room.

Fear of thunder or lightning, or both, is common. A few ago lightning was regarded as the instrument of the gods to work justice on man.

For many generations this fear of lightning as an instrument of just retribution has passed out of the minds of most individuals, but the phobia of thunder and lightning persists, presumably because each generation of children sees its parents and other adults afraid in thunderstorms and thus acquires the phobia in its turn, to be passed on presently to the generation that follows.

A case of road phobia recorded by Dr. Charles Baudouin helps to explain this. A young boy of 12 had an intense fear of trains, animals ordinarily as harmless as mice or even more so. Investigating, Dr. Baudouin found that the boy's mother had an even more intense fear of these same animals and the grandmother a still more violent one, as much so that the old lady fell on the ground in an actual convulsion at sight of a toad. Dr. Baudouin traced these three cases to imitation, beginning with the grandmother, who had been courteously and naturally distressed by hallucinations of toads seen by her mother on that woman's deathbed. Mother and daughter merely had copied, in turn, the grandmother's phobia acquired at that time.

Too intense warnings on the part of adults may inspire a phobia, such as that of running water shown by the famous Boyle. Endeavoring to frighten children into keeping away from streams or waterfalls where they might fall in and be drowned, parents succeed in frightening them so severely that a water phobia results.

Another amusing instance is the phobia of sharp points or the blades of scissors or knives. Dr. Sadler reports a patient who suffered so severely from this fear that he almost had convulsions at sight of a saucy bread knife, with its gleaming serried edge. Dr. H. W. Frink describes a woman who could not sleep comfortably at night or even sit comfortably in the daytime unless assured that every knife, pair of scissors and other pointed object in the house had been locked up in drawers or cupboards to which she herself had no key.

This fear of being able to get at the knife or pointed article is the rise to the woman's phobia. The unnatty warnings in childhood of the danger of such things had been so effective that the fear persisted throughout life.

Morbid fear of diseases or microbes often is generated by such frightening stories told to children or which they read when they are a little older. The phobia it creates like this a Latin name, misophobia, or fear of contamination by dirt or germs. This is what impels many otherwise sane and well balanced people to wear gloves all the time or to keep washing their hands continually. In extreme cases of this phobia the victims will not touch door-knobs or in chairs which other people have used or use the same knives, forks or other utensils no matter how carefully they have been washed. There have been cases known where the fear of germs has been so strong that the victim would not handle money unless it had been washed or disinfected.

Fortunately, phobias are becoming rarer, partly because psychologists are learning how to treat and cure such extreme examples as that of Professor Leonard, provided the patient really wants to be cured, and partly because fear is now less used than it used to be as a way of making children behave. A distinguished British psychologist, Dr. Hugh Crichton-Miller, is authority for the statement that abandonment of the habit of scaring children half to death in order to exact obedience not only is reducing the percentage of people afflicted with severe phobias but also is promoting a generation of children with better health in every other way.

She Didn't Smoke, Didn't Swear, or Expect to Marry a Millionaire

But Ex-Show Girl Baroness de Bulow Sued the Rich Broker for $300,000, Just the Same, When He Took Another Girl On That Lovely Honeymoon She Herself Had Expected and Collects —Something

The Baroness and Little Roger, Who, She Asserts, Is the Son of Maurice Manasse, the Millionaire Broker, Who Took Another Girl on the Honeymoon She Thought Was to Be Hers. And Beside Her, Lucile Pugh, the Distinguished New York Woman Attorney and the Baroness' Lawyer.

The Baroness de Bulow When She Was a Lady Duff-Gordon Model.

The Baroness Clara de Bulow When She Was a Happy, Innocent Show Girl on Broadway.

Mr. Maurice Manasse, the Extremely Wealthy Broker.

MANY people said it was all wrong and contrary to Nature when a Shubert show beauty, now Baroness Clara de Bulow, announced that she didn't smoke and didn't swear and didn't expect to marry a millionaire. She didn't drink either, but there wasn't room for that in the verse.

Just the same her troubles did not begin until she changed her mind and expected to marry millionaire Maurice Manasse, Wall Street bond broker, but didn't get him. However, after a heart-balm suit that dragged out more than four years in the New York courts and was about to start all over again, she collected a cash settlement out of court, said to be "in five figures." Also she says she has to thank him for a lot of heartaches and some headaches due living on hope and the relief, to say nothing of a handsome precocious six-year-old son who says that when he gets big enough he will beat his daddy up "for not doing right by our Nell."

One other asset she has picked up. As widow of the great, great grandson of the German Field Marshal who fought against Napoleon, she is legitimately Baroness Clara de Bulow. The [illegible]

[illegible] not suicide and join her husband. Instead, she got a job as model, and some months later met Manasse, rich and unattached. In a heart-balm suit much stress is laid on how the lady whose affections have been trifled with met the alleged trifler. If they were formally introduced, the man is supposed to know that she is a nice remarkable woman and he shouldn't ask her to marry him unless he means it or is willing to pay a big cash penalty. On the other hand, if he just "picked her up" informally, she is supposed to know that a proposal is just a sort of compliment and not to be taken seriously.

This pair was introduced in the aristocratic atmosphere of Park Avenue, New York, not in a drawing room, it is true, but out on the sidewalk, which is almost as good. Manasse [illegible] she was talking to a bootlegger, but a very high-grade, high-society bootlegger, elegant of manner, [illegible]

he was "too previous," insisting on intimacies that are supposed to be reserved until after the ceremony. After much debate and misgivings, she says she yielded to his argument.

"Why not do what all engaged people are doing these days?"

After she "made the great mistake," he is said to have asked if she still loved him and that she replied:

"Yes, but this sort of spoils the picture for me."

Without her suspecting it, the picture seems to have grown slowly but steadily more spoiled, with the marriage date fading into the background. But there seem to have been some compensations, in the form of cash and love, but the first did not mean anything because she does not care for money. However, she was able to give up modeling and the stage, believing as time passed that the receding mirage of marriage would some day turn into substantial reality. Each time she complained about the delay, she says he charmed and soothed her [illegible]

by describing the lovely honeymoon they would have in Europe.

That, too, was vague until July 8, 1929, when he revealed that he had every detail of it in his mind and she was sure that the happy day was very close. She says he told her just what boat they would take and every place they would visit, how long the various moves would take, all with a precision that could only come from long study of time-tables and tourist agents. She felt ashamed even to have doubted him. But first he explained that he must go on a long business trip out West.

That was all right, anything would be all right, but as days passed without any letters or postcards she began to fear that something had happened to him. Something had, as she discovered about a month later. He had gone East instead of West, married Miss Brooks in Boston and taken her on that carefully-planned honeymoon. The worst was yet to come. She had expected to marry a millionaire but now couldn't because he had married the wrong woman and on top of that bad news she now found she must expect an untimely visit from the stork.

On his return from the other woman's honeymoon Clara wrote him a letter expressing her dissatisfaction with the situation but received no answer. She finally arranged a meeting. There is much dispute as to what was said at this meeting and how much, if any funds changed hands, but it was not at all satisfactory to Clara. The stork arrived as expected, the baby was christened Roger de Bulow and its father registered as Maurice Manasse, though he disclaimed the honor.

Clara showed her annoyance at this attitude and her general discontent by bringing a $300,000 suit for breach-of-promise against the bond broker. It took four years for the case to creep to the top of the New York court's crowded calendar. Meanwhile, Clara had found it hard to get work on the stage or as a model with a child on her hands, and finally she landed on the relief.

New York City at that time was at its wits' ends to "fill the bottomless pit of charity" and did not see why it should support the son of a millionaire. But Maurice told the authorities that their theory was right but they had the wrong millionaire. The city thought otherwise and sued him for maintenance. Maurice agreed to a blood test to determine the paternity but declined to pay for it because he wasn't interested. Clara was interested but hadn't the money. Finally this was raised and the report stated that Roger was in the same blood group as his alleged father. This though not conclusive legal evidence, was enough to make the court order him to pay $10 a week on general probability.

That small financial leak, whether he deserved it or not, would not sink a millionaire but Clara's $300,000 suit might hurt even a very rich man. At the trial, Clara or Claire, as she is also known, told her sad story. It was the same old theme as all the other heart-balm suits, proving apparently that though women read the papers and see the movies, millions of them have not yet learned that a man's word is not as good as his bond, especially when it comes to the bonds of matrimony.

Mrs. Manasse, who expected to marry a millionaire, and did so, and the disappointed Claire gazed at each other disapprovingly and each registered, "Poor Maurice, I don't see what he ever saw in her."

That gentleman was the star witness. Snappy, alert, hard-boiled and sophisticated, he sometimes startled even the shock-proof spectators who flock to heart-balm trials. He admitted the affair but denied any promise of matrimony or that he had seen the plaintiff for a year before the birth of the child.

His lawyer, in addressing the jury, urged that a woman who for years had been running around Broadway and in the movie studios to say nothing of modeling and having been married once, could hardly be so gullible and innocent as not to know exactly what she was doing. But eleven of the jury believed the Baroness' lawyer that her client was a trusting woman who had been betrayed. They were ready to soak Mr. Manasse about $30,000 but the horrid twelfth juror could not be made to agree. He was so ungallant as to say that he thought heart-balm suits were nothing but rackets and blackmail and that he would never award a heart-balmist a cent. There was a disagreement and a new trial ordered. Just as it was starting came word that it had been settled out of court.

In the paternity case when he was being cross-questioned by New York City's Corporation Counsel, Manasse made even Justice McDonald look surprised, after the following questions and answers:

Q. Mr. Manasse, you were married on July 26, 1929?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Now you became engaged March 15, 1929?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And between March 15, 1929, and the date you were married, July 26, you were seeing your wife every night?

A. My fiancee.

Q. You were seeing her every day practically?

A. Practically, yes.

Q. How long did you know your wife before you became engaged on March 15, 1929?

A. I knew her quite some time.

Q. But you did not see as much of her before the 15th day of March, did you?

A. No, sir.

Q. Do you want to tell this court that you were seeing the complaining witness and your present wife simultaneously, meeting them up to March 15, 1929?

A. Well, naturally, why not?

Q. I just wanted to know? A. I saw other people, too. I had a lot of friends, of course.

Q. Now, do you remember when she came up to your apartment in the latter part of March, 1929, at which time you told her that you had become engaged and you wanted to have nothing further to do with her, do you remember that? A. Yes.

Q. At that time did you make the statement to her that everything between you was over and that there should be no hard feelings? A. Yes.

The Baroness says it wasn't to get the money that she was suing anyhow but to make the boy's father see his son. The son also saw the alleged father and promised to sock him when he grows up. So perhaps she won't repudiate her third plank and swear.

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Adventures of the Noble Lord Ed

Born in an Ancestral Castle With Wealth and Every Social Adva

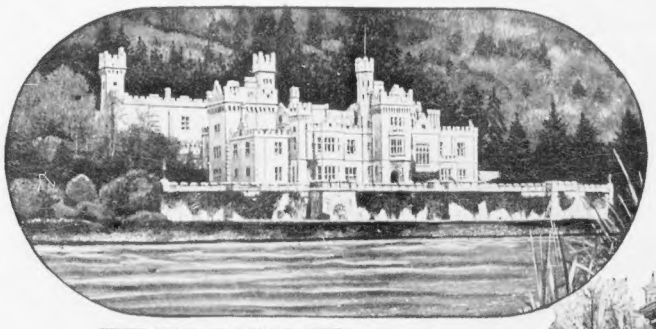
Tells in Dramatic

Slipped Down and D

Dregs of Life Amon

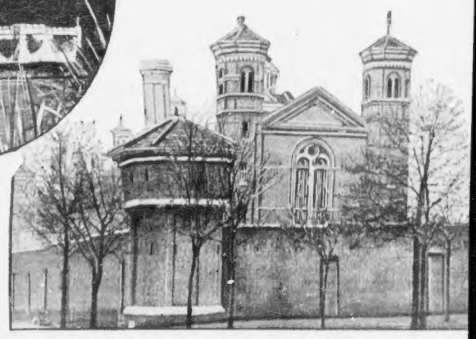
Tramps and Finally

Lord Edward's Mother, the Duchess of Manchester, in Her Coronation Robes.



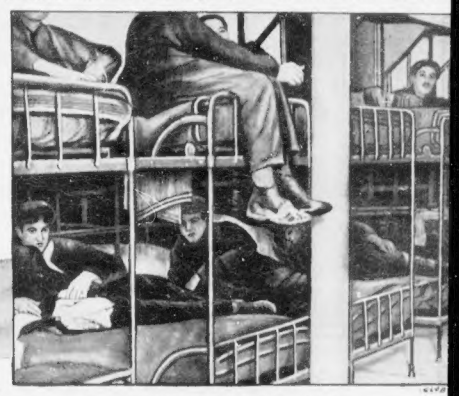
Kylemore Castle, One of the Magnificent Estates of the Manchesters.

Lady Edward Montagu, Who Lives in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.



Wormwood Scrubbs Prison in England, Where Lord Edward Was Sent for Nin

Lord Edward Montagu on His Way to Prison.



Scene in a Sailors' Doss-house.

CHAPTER VI.

By LORD EDWARD MONTAGU.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

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IT was Shakespeare, wasn't it "who said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

I haven't got a crown. My father wears a coronet, on state occasions. But I, as you might say, wear a title. And many have been the occasions when my head has lain uneasy. One of those times was when in the course of my wanderings up and down the Pacific Coast I found myself utterly broke and without immediate hope of getting any money.

Some people might think it would be easy for a fellow in my position to get money at any time, simply by cabling or telegraphing for it. But then apart from the fact that you've got to raise the money for a cable, I have told you that I blame no one but myself for the holes I have got myself into. Having made my bed, I was prepared to lie in it.

That was how I came to be first an inmate of a sailors' home in San Francisco and afterwards the cook there.

I turned into this place one night as being the likeliest to suit my pocket. I also had the idea that I might meet someone who could put me in the way of becoming one of the crew of a ship going somewhere into the South Seas, which I longed to visit. Talk of a bunch of hoboes? As I have told you, I have traveled with and known a good many of that fraternity. But the hobos I met seemed like the inhabitants of Riverside Drive or Park Avenue beside the crowd I met when I entered that sailors' home. And the average hobo is at least white, and an American.

This crowd contained the scrapings of the Seven Seas. There were Lascars like lamp-posts, with their ribs showing when they stripped, like the old-fashioned washing board. There were Japs who leered all the time as that they seemed to be perpetually amused at nothing in particular. There were thickset, fair haired Scandinavians whose chief recreation seemed to be constantly cutting slices off spiced sausages with big clasp knives. The first night I was there, the only time one Swede ceased to use his wooden-handled knife for that purpose was to stick it into the arm of a Greek who tried to attack him. And without troubling to wipe the blood off the knife he resumed his sausage slicing.

Nobody took any notice of me as I wandered into a big room which had bunks on the floor all round the walls and two or three long tables in the middle with two huge coal stoves between them. I looked round for an empty bunk. It was January and pretty cold, so when I saw one vacant near one of the stoves I picked on it and threw my hat down. I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to see a big Scandinavian. He shook his head and pointed to the bed.

"Olaf, he comes in soon," was all he said. I told him I did not understand. Then in halting English he explained that that particular bed was always used by one, Olaf, when he slept in the home, and that no one else must claim it. I was tired and in none too good a temper. So I snapped back that it was surely a case of first come, first served and that as Olaf had not reserved the bed I was going to establish my claim to it. The Scandinavian grinned.

"Olaf, like that," he said and he indicated with his hand a height of about six feet six. And then he measured about four or five feet across his chest with his hands. I understood that Olaf was no pigmy. I also understood that it was recognized that Olaf had no need to reserve a bed but that he just took whichever he wanted.

For a moment I debated whether I would see Olaf to blazes and lie down right away. But then I realized I would stand not an earthly chance and that as I wanted to sleep, being dog-tired, it would not help matters to find myself disturbed by Olaf. So I took another bunk further along and having just taken off my jacket and my shoes I lay down. As I folded my jacket to put it at the top of my bed I caught sight of the tailor's tag. "Bond Street, London." It struck me somehow as funny.

I remembered my mother taking me along to that expensive and exclusive tailor in the most fashionable thoroughfare in London and ordering and paying for that suit the last time I had crossed the Atlantic homewards. Then my mind wandered on. I saw the tailor bowing us out with "Good morning, Your Grace," to my mother and "Tuesday for fitting, Your Lordship."

If he had ever thought about the suit at all, he probably visualized it hanging in some well-appointed dressing room, put there by my valet. And I grinned to myself as I wondered what he would think if he knew it had been thrown down on a straw-filled bunk in a sailors' doss-house in San Francisco. And then sleep claimed me and I dozed off.

I soon wakened. I found myself soaked in perspiration. The stoves had been stoked as high as possible and all the windows were closed. The stench was thick enough to cut. I thought about taking off everything except my underclothing and had got up to undress when sounds on either side of me made me pause. It was the noise of men scratching. Clawing would be a nearer word to it. I thought of the blankets which had been handed to me through a window at an office as I came in and paid my ten cents and of how they must be handed out to different people each night. So I lay down in my clothes again.

All that night I dozed off and wakened at intervals with my shirt soaking and my ears assailed by that awful "scratch, scratch." I think that sound and the sound of the jangling keys of the jailer in the prison at Long Beach will be the two noises that will haunt me for the rest of my life.

In the morning when I rose I at once thought of a wash. It was easy to get at the basin. No one else except an old Scandinavian seemed the least interested in soap and water. Then a man with a very red face, bushy eyebrows and wiry, close-cropped hair, asked me if I would pass him the soap. I recognized his accent as Irish immediately. I started to talk to him for the sheer sake of companionship, and I found that he was in San Francisco waiting for the ship in which he had sailed from Liverpool to have some repairs finished. He told me they'd had "the divil of a passage out and some plates in her hull had been buckled."

I asked him which part of Ireland he hailed from.

"The best part," he answered. "Th' only part as is rale Ireland, Connemara." I asked him if he knew County Galway.

"Know it," he said. "Sure an' I know it like me own hand."

"Do you know Kylemore Castle?" I inquired.

"Och, an' do I know Kylemore," he cried. "An' it's right forninst Kylemore that was me mother's home. An' me father was a keeper on the castle estate. That belongs to th' Duke o' Manchester. But th' Duke don't go there anny more. There's Belgian nuns as lives there now. An' me father is dead anny way. He was killed by th' Black an' Tans. Ah' what for should an English duke be havin' a castle an' land in Ireland anny way, ye be tellin' me?"

"I really couldn't say," I answered. For beyo the fact that my father did own Kylemore and t he also owned Tanderagee Castle in County magh, which had been the dowry of my gra mother, Consuelo, on her marriage, I had not faintest idea of how or why we came to have t places in Ireland. The more so when it was alrea impossible for my father to keep up Kimbolt Castle in England, the original family seat.

"Anny way," said my Irish acquaintance, as swilled his face with water, "be damned to th dukes and lords as has nivver done a day's work screws the rints out thim as does work." I co not help thinking that if he had known just h down-and-out was the son of one of those "duke —the very one he had been talking about—and many days' work that I had done, he might h revised his opinion.

All that day I tramped round San Francis docks looking for a vacancy in some ship's co pany. But there were none. If there had been an qute convinced that my accent would h stood in the way of my getting it. Time and ag

I have proved that on the North American tinent people do not want to employ a man with English public school accent. They think he just a silly ass who is full of swank and out o soft job. They do not realize the truth that wh it comes to a job requiring endurance and "sti ing it" physically and mentally, the English pub schoolboy has proved in war, exploration wo and anything in which there is danger that he be relied on.

However, I did not set out to give opinions just to relate what I have done.

My total capital that evening, after I had di off a plate of minestrone soup and a roll bought myself a packet of cigarettes, was one lar and fifteen cents. Still, as I consoled mys when I turned into the doss-house again, that w one dollar and fifteen cents more than nothi And I turned in for another night of sweat scratching. And got it.

Next morning when I went to hand in my bl kets and get back my twenty-five cents dep there was a different man behind the window

M

...age, His Lordship ...etail How He ...wn to the Lowest ...Vermin-Ridden ...anded in Prison

Lord Edward Cecil, Hungry and Almost Penniless, Was Glad to Get a Night's Rest in a San Francisco Sailors' "Flophouse." The Place Was Alive With Vermin and the Banks Were Occupied by the Human Dregs of the Seven Seas. When His Lordship Selected a Roost Near the Stove, He Was Informed That He Had Better Keep Away From That Particular Bunk Because a Huge Swede Sailor Died, About Six Feet Six Inches Tall, Would Make It Unpleasant for Him Later On If He Tried to Go to Sleep in That Particular Spot.

(Continued on Page)

Strange Ways of Punishing Wrongdoers

Strangling—or $200—the Penalty for Killing Someone Accidentally in China; Death Under an Elephant's Foot in India, or Starving in a Cage; "Slicing" Tortures of Ivan the Terrible, and Other Cruel Sentences Inflicted Under Criminal Codes Throughout the World

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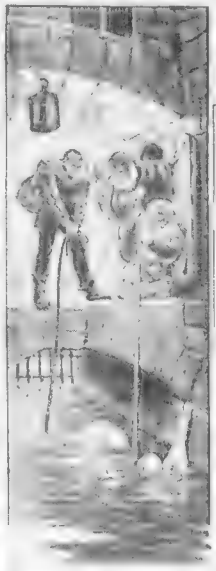

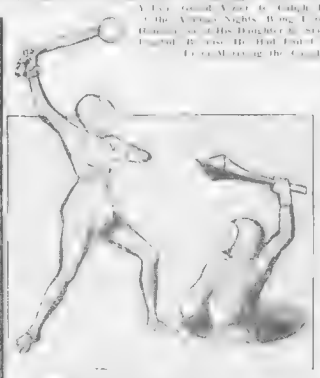

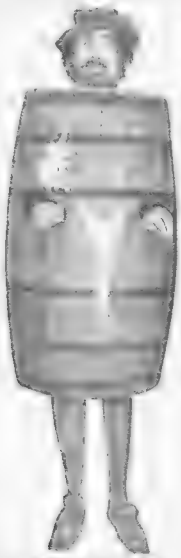

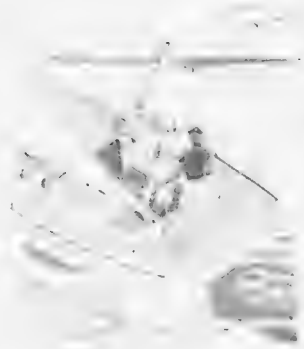

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Wherever you go...

Enjoy the flavor and convenience of beer in cans

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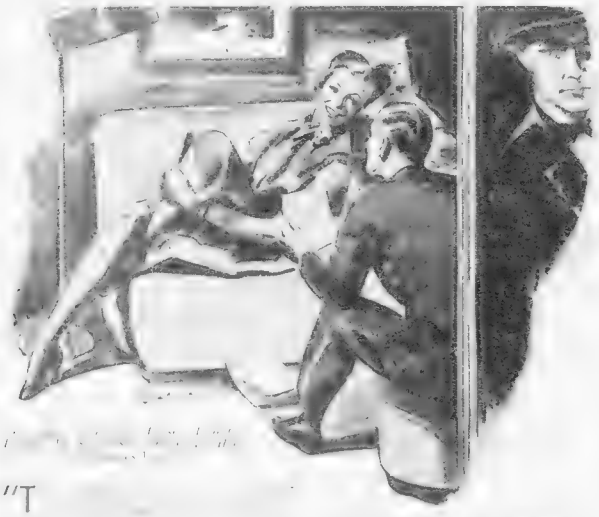

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(Continued on Page 17)

Crispian---The Chap That Cheers *By H. Ashbrook*

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SUNBURN
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Campana's
Italian Balm

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TODAY, millions of men, women and children are following the Squibb Plan for the prevention [illegible] soothing and beneficial to the gums—that after using it, the mouth feels particularly fresh and teeth have a clean

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That's the verdict of women who use CHASTE DEODORANT
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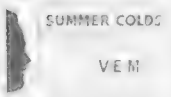
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GOODBYE
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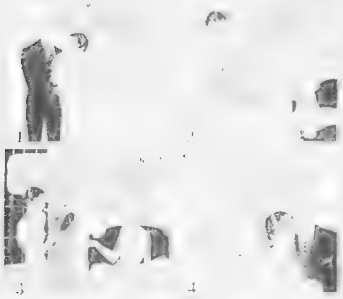
WHAT MARY DID

Fitch's

Box Car

by Madeleine Sharpe Buchanan

(Continued from Page 16)

Slocky rolled over with a groan.

"Is this Hell, mister?" he asked the Prince, too stormed to reply.

Tressa, awake and screaming herself with fierce gestures, rose on one elbow and prodded the slumbering Ike with her small sensible heel. After which she met Sally's eyes with a gamin grin.

They breakfasted specious on fruit Ike and the Prince produced with eager unconsciousness from their luggage. Cold frankfurters and sandwiches at dawn. The Prince carefully drank out small portions of the water which came, still cool, from his thermos bottles.

There was no shelter and they sat in the burning sun and ate. Twice a train thundered across the heated distance with a furious hoot. And once the Prince waved grimly.

"Wish you calm that," he added the worst little grunt.

To see Sally and Tressa you'd never dream they were "well," embittered Tressa.

It was a day Sally Naylon must never be forgot. The fact that she felt responsible for their plight made it a dozen times worse, but not again did she refer to it nor did anyone else.

Slocky knew "there hadn't been much heat." It ate into them. It seared their flesh, it blew amid with a hot breath into their eyes and hair and mouths. Silently they trudged toward Ike's "ranch a mile east to the left." They knew it was there, for the natives were never wrong, but the mile seemed like a hundred in that temperature.

Twice they rested before the road was reached, for although Tressa's arm pained and tongues fell, people and Sally had spoken now and then of gushing brooks, no one asked the Prince for any of the precious water, nor did he offer it.

But now and then Sally and his eyes upon her anxiously as she walked on, her head, one lifted bravely, her eyes set ahead. She found tears ate for each of that water, it was certain, but after she had brought all this bad luck on those people and trusted to safety and comparative comfort for both of them.

Now and then a pang shivered over their heads, flashing across the burning azure of the heavens, but usually the awful silence pressed down upon them.

It was a wonder nothing more lived there, thought Sally. Her thoughts wandered to the young tramps the Prince had seen, walking east along the tracks. What had become of him and the out by his kind? Although Ike had not as yet had the opportunity to question the Prince with his pals, the ghost boarding army, the grapevine system, would work. They would know.

Then suddenly on the second grass stills a little stiffly and Slocky laughed.

"Heaven knows" he shrugged. "Those before time, something I would like to the night after the shower we didn't. Ish luck to where that mixed freight of ours slowed, to see if another one wouldn't do the same stunt, but his luck is to head and not as other would. That one freight had a hot box or something of the sort. Not a chance for another one to show within miles away. Let us hurry that."

Presently, around some red rocks which threw no shadow on the burning world, they came upon the road they were looking for. A wide, graveling-looking road it was, and it wandered off into distance veiled in shimmering dancing heat. Not a thing moved upon it.

"It looks like a highway," said Tressa.

"Sure," said Ike and sat down on his coat. "Highway isn't nowhere. Got us here. But that road is used. Bound to see something if we set long enough."

"I bet I can out-sit any one of you," said Slocky, looking dead, brightly as he dropped beside Ike. "Let some grass all over the world for sitting."

No one paid any attention to him. They stopped exhausted, terrified and settling on the dry earth became the most any expected of it momentarily. Even in a car passed, Sally knew, one might see a hard-working human for the dust it raised, but no car came.

Ike and Slocky Slocum became quite the most striking types of the group there. They forgot their quarrel, Ike after one glance at his old pal knew him, remembering Ike. He said most wrath smoking, but thought loyally. What would they have done without Slocky?

Mr. Slocum's "feeling almost sure" the smoking was poured down.

The Prince sat on the water sparingly. No one drank the stuff or asked for more. Dizzily, Sally said encouragingly. Oh, wise of the girl. Women and children first.

The Prince had more vanity about with him. Drink into you, he had said, and Queen Mab's.

Sally Naylon watched the Prince's strong head and putting back that precious bottle. A sudden fear shook her eyes.

"I go thirsty and not and my head aches," she told him, "and we'll wish this trip could go on because—That is should end—because I'm afraid."

For a moment the Prince's soul had mocking gaze and then was lifted to distrust.

In Japan women were always tall while they are from and petite and—

Mr. Naylon was an "ific" of terror about dreadnoughts.

Sally laughed a little hysterically.

Acute misery held them silent then as they looked out from which Hope was creeping. Heads ached and clothes were drenched with perspiration. Only Ike seemed to be comfortable. He stretched out on his coat and looked his fill.

And no cars passed. "Who'd drive here?" Slocky wanted to know. "Who's down for a look at Hell prematurely? We'll try getting here Ike. What good to you read if nothing moved on it?"

"Now and then they do," persisted Ike. He knew.

"People. Cars."

And the cars all. They waited. Waiting was agony. Ike knew the nearest town was forty miles or. A fast mail place he called.

And they ached on get there. It was after. I type on a bath," said Tressa firmly, "if I gotta throw the Mayor out of his. Here we are, a bunch of bums sleeps in a real live gas house."

With the afternoon a fourcars went past them, paying no attention to their signals of the Prince's white handkerchief right if them fast came down on accelerator and went was overboard.

A dreadful fear took possession of Sally. She felt that they were on to get a lift and on knew on cattle in those two thermos bottles was running perilously low. Ike and Prince should had already started. Now that he seemed scarcely one to help.

The after had eaten he brought about with characteristic crude-

"Naw. I'm used to stuff like this. I gotta be dead before I'll drink water, he."

But the lobe decided to me. You was to be a tamer, thought Tressa, but to want a drink in that baking oven.

Presently the west mouthy to sleep. But not so the others. With each speeding car and they were now more frequent as the afternoon waned, their hopes fell although they said nothing. Tressa laid her hands on daily Naylon's after a time. Her chin face was crinkled with detriment.

"Kid. I've got a plan," she said. "Leave it to me. When it gets a little later some guy will stop all right."

Sally did not dare much. Her head ached and her throat hurt and her mouth was parched. She would have liked to scream hysterically, but the bravery of the others stilled her. This was her fault, she kept telling herself, he had not could do was to behave herself.

She closed her burning eyes after a while and lay in the sun and light aching all over. A noise was at that moment of no consequence to the loveliest blonde in many States. She would have swallowed a fat contract for a long, chill drink of water. If they were there all night, she kept telling herself, all night—another burning, scorching day—and no water. Those people—more greedy, fatty mine!

An arm slipped beneath her rounded body and she was lifted against someone's breast, while something cool and wet was pressed through her dry lips.

"There, there's better," said the Prince, holding her lightly in strong young, face very close.

Water! He was giving her what little he had. Weakly Sally Naylon tried to push it away, but he insisted and she felt the life rushing through her veins, until she came out of that nitrous dreamy condition into which she had drifted.

"Don't pass out on us now, Sally," advised Tressa with rough tenderness, "this is no place to lie."

"I think we're pretty fine people," said Slocky smugly. "Here we are all at us passing away for a drink of water and yet none of us willing to touch it. Try that on your piano any time at all, sister."

"I still have sense," said the Prince, and shook one of the thermos bottles encouragingly.

The red-hot sun looked by this time as though a gray veil of smoke had drifted across it and the bright copper world seemed to look a bit dingy. Night was somewhere not so far off. One of the tall cacti over beyond the mountains looked like throw a real shadow. And then, while Sally dully noted, part of the shadow moved a thin edge of it, and slithered over the sand toward the rocks. Who's there? Ike sat up staring, his hand across his jaw.

It was like a piece of thick brown rope dragged by someone underneath and it reached Ike's leg, poised up it and crawled on his chest.

Sally, unable to speak, still staring, reached for the Prince. And the man behind his head sharply as she touched his head unsteadily. At Slocky were seated by the side of the road awaiting the next automobile, and not a sound was made by Sally or the Prince, so eager them that tragedy had suddenly joined their party.

In no time it seemed to Sally, Ike, Prince had his gun in his hand, calmly aimed, had aimed and fired, the shot crashing through the awful pressing silence like the end of the world.

Where Sally Naylon recovered her mind the sound was dying—it might be called dying, in a rattling hiss in the sand, and Ike, still rubbing his eyes, was standing some distance away, having moved fast for the first time in his life.

"Rattler," said the Prince, and replaced his gun. "Nice shot, if I do compliment myself."

"Why you shot it off Dee's chest?" gasped Sally.

"Only thing to do," observed Slocky looking at the snake. "If you had called me, the result would have been the same."

"I hope nobody calls you when some snake decides to rest on me," said Tressa scornfully.

Sally was fiercely indignant with Slocky, but she noted that the Prince merely regarded him amusedly.

As for Ike, he went close to the Prince and peered at him from his narrow little eyes. It was as though he took a mental picture of him and stored it away.

"Thanks, bo," was all he said, but from Ike it was enough.

CHAPTER XIII.

Tressa Does a Dance.

The gray sky over the sun seemed to thicken and slate gray shades merging into black touched the world here and there, while there was a little blood red in the heat. That night it would be chilly, they knew. The promise was in the air although they still sweltered.

"We seem to be getting nowhere fast with these cars," said Tressa, returning after another futile effort to persuade a passing roadster to stop. "Here's where I do my stunt!"

To Sally's astonishment she began to divest herself of her knickers and shirt, opened her suitcase, and in a moment she stood before them in the thinnest of dancing costumes.

With a toss of her head she set free the damp waves of her russet hair and festooned from the suitcase a pair of high-heeled evening slippers which, after discarding her stockings and her short little walking boots, she put on.

In amazement they watched her, and Slocky muttered something about a touch of the sun. But Tressa paid no attention, walking with her figurish grace to the road where she lifted her arms above her lovely head and began to sing and dance.

What she sang was something about midnight blues and a bad baby and all the blues astounded people on the sand who watched her heard nothing of the words, caught only the sinuous alluring dance she was doing, the husky sensuous voice.

"I'll stop a car or the next augur daddy will run over me!" Tressa tossed to them across her current stumbler.

Sally Naylon passed a shaky, rather dirty little hand over her eyes. Was she crazy? Was this heat really getting her? Perhaps she was now in a hospital somewhere and dreamed this. Or make on the 5 chest. The Prince's shot, the abandoned daringly clad figure of Tressa dancing there in the hot solitude, the dying sun rambling through her copper curls. Good heavens!

And then the Prince was playing, his mouth organ, was accompanying her, and a car was approaching.

No car could pass the picture Tressa made. Curiosity alone would have brought it to a halt, but the girl was so sympathetic in her loveliness as clever. The car and to a halt, brakes protesting a little, and a lone man, tent from behind the steering wheel.

"Just escaped, sister?" he wanted to know, his avid eyes traveling up and down the girl's beautiful young body.

"Just trying to," said Tressa, and went close to him. "We're stranded, my friends and I, and we want to make this next town. We can pay you for a lift. It's bad being stuck here with no water."

The man, who was well dressed and drove an expensive roadster, kept his middle-aged eyes on Tressa.

"So you were dancing for a lift?" he asked. "And singing, too? I heard you before I saw you."

Tressa shrugged. "That's how I make my living," she said.

"I own a ranch a few miles out of town," said the man in the car. "And I'm running a little party tonight. Could you come out and entertain us if I tow you all into town?"

"I could for twenty-five dollars," said Tressa.

By this time the others had taken up their baggage and drawn near the car.

The man behind the wheel appeared to be in the late fifties, but was tanned by the desert sun and looked a little younger, although Sally Naylon noted that the hair below the brim of his western hat was tinged with gray. He looked as though he was in the money and he drove the car they had to have, and as they all piled in, the slightly retarded Ike also.

And as Nash Gardiner, one of the richest men in that section of the West, looked at the two girls beside him—that exquisite blonde and this little russet-haired devil dancing in diaphanous attire on the desert for a lift to town—he felt sluggish blood stir again, felt that romance was possibly not dead, sensed the falling away of the inhibitions of the years. And he set aside the caution which would have prevented him from stopping his car at the bidding of this fascinating hoodlum lot, and prepared to enjoy the hot forty-mile run to town.

It was not a big town, just a little city as Ike had said. Mr. Gardiner enthused about it as he drove.

"Greatest little place you ever saw! Compact. And complete. Kind of a young Paris, or not a young one—a miniature one. I always come back to it tickled to death that I was born in it, no matter where I've roamed. My ranch is five miles out. There's a nice clean little hotel where the girl friend and you can stop off now and then—er—gentlemen, also." He glanced at the three men in the middle seat of the big car, and his brows wrinkled in a puzzled fashion.

That tall young chap hadn't he seen him somewhere? Arresting personality that one. A gentleman. And the shortish fellow with him—funny how familiar they looked. But the other was, of course, just a tramp.

Well, a blame queer lot to travel together, he'd say! But they'd gotten used to strange things in the West. This girl now—burn you up, she would. Carry off any floor show, queen it over any night club he ever saw. And as for that blonde-haired, dark-eyed little honey—whew! Wait until he told the boys this one! They would eat it up.

To Sally rested now as she was, it seemed hours before at last the town appeared on the horizon down a broad avenue of shimmering heat. The big car zoomed ahead with renewed vigor, and soon they were passing through the usual cluster of Welcome signs which garnish the entrances to so many small towns. Cracked and scared from the heat, they were, despite the fact that they were made of tin and beyond them, short and squat and square, a huddle of tawdry brick, adobe and concrete buildings.

Few wooden houses, except shacks, and only an occasional store of wooden construction. "Heat warps the wood," explained Mr. Gardiner, in reply to Sally's query. "Can't keep paint on it, either."

Sally shuddered. Imagine living in a country like this! She reflected, but just then it she supposed you could get to like your kind of place once you were used to it, but she was glad she didn't have to try.

The car idled down a busy-looking main street, wide and lined with cars slanted to the curb on both sides, and drew up before a neat-looking red-brick hotel.

He looked about uneasily. This was too far from the tracks to suit him. He'd slide out and meet the gang further along the way next morning. Maybe at the dog he knew a few streets down he would find some of his pals. Usually a few of them in here on their aimless way east or west.

And so with a few muttered words to the Prince, to which he nodded quickly, Ike slid out of the big car and ambled down the street with never a glance for any of the rest of them.

Mr. Gardiner watched him curiously. Then he removed his hat and mopped his brow.

Tressa stared. "Pipe the tourpee, kid!" she whispered to Sally. "A gay old dog, this one!" Sally repressed a giggle.

As Tressa lingered for a word with Mr. Gardiner the Prince took Sally Naylon into the cool entrance of the cheerful looking hotel.

"I'm getting a room here also," he told her. "We will all be better for the rest and a good bath. Then, if you take my advice you'll sleep and have some supper in your room, and after that if you care to wait for me, we'll take in the town."

What could be more wonderful? A bath! Cool blood along Sally's veins. To see this strange little desert city tucked away off by itself, with him! She had an idea that if they returned to it again after this one magic night they would find it gone, and only the sands of the desert there to greet them.

But Tressa, she was uneasy about Tressa. The sound of that ranch five miles out was not so reassuring.

The Prince laughed at this. "That girl can take care of herself anywhere," he assured her. "She isn't like you, Sally. She'll throttle a living out of this world or else she'll smile it out of it. She'll be back all right. Tomorrow we move on. There's another fast freight out of here—a few miles across country, in the evening."

Sally looked at him shyly. "I'll wait for you tonight," she promised. "I'm dead on my feet now."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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(Three quarts of milk are required to give the food total of one pound of butter, but one pound of butter is equal to five quarts of milk in energy value alone.)

Another last point, and that is a question often asked the writer by other women. "Do you consider milk fattening?"

Many women who would be eager to enjoy milk dishes and drinks refrain from doing so because they think that milk is fattening. True, we always find milk used generously in the diet of those who are underweight or trying to recover from illness. But that does not mean that milk in itself is fattening. The question is: what else does the person eat?

The average calorie intake daily of a normal person is between 2500 and 3000 calories or food units. Even in the most severe diet, one should seldom go below 1800 or 1500 calories. Now it is well to recall that one glass of whole fresh milk contains 170 calories. Thus, if the person dieting takes one glass of milk at each of two meals she is using 340 calories of her total daily supply, which is one-fifth of her entire supply allowed for the whole day. If kept at this figure (two glasses of milk per day), and the other foods balanced accordingly, milk will not be fattening. Also, milk seems to be one of those balancing foods which tend to keep nerves relaxed and less irritated, another advantage to women dieters especially.

Wholesome Recipes With Milk.

Whey Punch: Five cups of whey (milk liquid separated on souring), 1½ cups sugar, juice 2 lemons, 1 cup canned shredded pineapple. Boil sugar and 1 cup of whey for 5 minutes together. Cool. Add remaining whey. Add lemon and pineapple juices and mint. Serve cold over cracked ice, using mint leaves for garnish.

Coffee Flip: Make strong coffee infusion in percolator. Scald an equal amount of fresh milk. Combine and cool. Serve very chill with spoon of whipped cream on top and sprinkle with spoon of chocolate gratings. (Use frozen coffee cubes instead of ice cubes to avoid lessening the flavor.)

Cream of Corn Soup: One cup freshly grated corn pulp, 1 onion, grated, 1 cup hot water, 2 cups hot milk, 2 tablespoons bacon fat, ⅓ cup rolled cracker crumbs, salt, celery salt, pepper, bacon curls. Cook onion with corn in hot water for 5 minutes. Add milk and all other ingredients, adding crumbs and bacon curls last. Serve very hot.

DANGERS OF LAXATIVES in advancing years

THE menace of the laxative habit is bad enough in youth. But to the aged it is doubly dangerous. Elderly people are less able to withstand the wear and tear of harsh laxatives and cathartics so likely to damage the internal system.

Yet those in advanced years must take special precautions to avoid constipation with its train of headaches, sleeplessness and bilious attacks, etc. Kidney trouble, high blood pressure and heart disease, all are aggravated by constipation.

How then shall elderly people avoid the threats of constipation and at the same time the menace of the laxative, cathartic habit?

How to Avoid Laxatives

The answer is simple when the chief cause of constipation in later life is known. After middle age the glands in the intestine, whose work it is to supply a fluid to lubricate and soften the food waste, become less active and do not produce sufficient of this lubricating fluid. Hence a lubricant, Nujol, fills this need. Nujol is not a medicine and does not gripe. Unlike laxatives, which irritate and inflame the intestinal walls, Nujol simply lubricates and softens the food waste. Thus it insures internal cleanliness—regular and thorough evacuation.

Mothers! Protect the health of the older people and children in your care. See to it that internal cleanliness is maintained regularly, for only through internal cleanliness can health be preserved.

Millions of people are taking Nujol not only to overcome but to *prevent* constipation; because, like pure water, Nujol is harmless. It may be taken regularly as you wash your face and brush your teeth. Nujol is used in leading hospitals and recommended by physicians all over the world for people of all ages. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. Just try Nujol regularly for the next month, and see if you don't feel better than you ever suspected you could. Ask your druggist for Nujol and insist on the genuine.

Nujol

FOR INTERNAL CLEANLINESS

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Pot Pourri—A Pleasant Summer Hobby

folded papers in a cool airy room or attic. Do not dry in the open, as much of the fragrance will be lost. When very dry, strip off the flowers and pack in air-tight boxes or jars.

"Moth-Destroying" Pot Pourri
(By request)

MIX ½ pound each dried thyme, tansy, mint and rosemary and 2 tablespoons ground cloves. Store in air-tight jars until ready to be made up into little moth bags.

"Moth Sachets."

MIX carefully dried lemon verbena, lad's love, lavender, thyme, rosemary, rose geranium and any other fragrant herbs and place them in small muslin or linen bags.

Old Fashioned Sweet Bags.

SPREAD lavender, lemon verbena and sweet geranium leaves on folded papers in a cool airy room or attic where there will be a free circulation of dry air. When perfectly dry mix equal quantities of the leaves and place in small muslin bags to be used in linen cupboards.

Lemon Verbena Sachets.

CAREFULLY dry lemon verbena and then place in small muslin bag.

Journey's End Pot Pourri.

CAREFULLY dry a few flowers indigenous to every country or city visited. I have found that one box of land gravel is sufficient to dry a small bouquet of flowers. When perfectly dry, remove from gravel or sand and place in air-tight box. When at home from your travels place the flowers in desired container and add a few drops each rose, violet and jasmine oil.

Sweet Girl Graduate Pot Pourri.

DRY flowers from graduation bouquet. Place in glass jar. Carefully place sand-dried flowers in jar having face of flowers smoothly pressed against the glass. Add a few drops of white lilac oil or any desired floral oil or combination of oils.

Golden Wedding Pot Pourri.

CAREFULLY dry yellow rose petals. Place in clear glass candy or horseradish jar. Add a few drops each attar of roses and jasmine oil.

English Pot Pourri.

DRY ½ peck fragrant damask rose petals. When thoroughly dry place in a closely covered jar with 1½ pounds bay salt and set aside for 5 or 6 days, turning two or three times a day. Then add 3 ounces allspice, 1 ounce cinnamon, 1½ ounces cloves, 2 ounces nutmeg, and ½ ounce anise seed. Set aside for a week, turning from bottom to top each day. Then add 10 grains musk, ¼ pound dried lavender flowers, 2 ounces powdered orris root, ½ ounce oil of jasmine, ⅛ ounce each oil of rose, lavender and lemon, 5 drops oil of musk, 5 drops neroli, 5 drops patchouli and 5 drops rosemary oil. Add, as desired, dried leaves of marjoram, sweet balm, verbena, tube roses, orange blossoms, gardenias, spice pinks, violets, etc. Stir with a wooden spoon or fork at intervals.

Violet Pot Pourri.

ARRANGE a layer of clean white sand in a tray. Place violets or violas face down on the sand. Gently cover with sand and let stand until dry. Remove from sand. Lightly place in crystal jar pressing face of flowers against glass. Add a few drops violet oil.

End of the Season Pot Pourri.

MIX all left-over dried flowers and fragrant geranium leaves, lemon verbena, a very little lavender, thyme and a little rosemary. Place in a closely covered container and add a few drops any floral oil that you wish to predominate. Heliotrope oil and rose oil are frequently used.

Southern Jasmine Pot Pourri.

CAREFULLY dry yellow jessamine flowers of the vine that grows in such beautiful profusion in the Carolinas. They may be dried in sand if you wish to keep the shape and color of the flowers. Place in crystal container and add a few drops jasmine oil.

New England Pot Pourri.

CAREFULLY dry fragrant flowers, taking care to keep colors as fresh and brilliant as possible. When thoroughly dry place in container and add a few drops each attar of roses and oil of heliotrope and 2 or 3 drops tincture of musk.

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Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

Recipes for Mid-Summer Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Walnut Cream Cakes.

BAKE 12 or 14 large cup cakes by your favorite recipe. Cut a thin slice from the top of each cake, hollow out center and fill with cream filling. Replace top and frost. If desired, to make the filling: Mix ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon water, and 1 slightly beaten egg yolk in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and stir constantly until mixture thickens. Add ½ cup broken and toasted walnut meats. Cool. Combine with ½ cup whipped cream and use as a filling.

Carrot and Orange Marmalade.

DICE 6 carrots and cook them until tender in as little water as possible. Slice 2 oranges and add the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Measure the carrots and fruit and add two-thirds as much sugar. Simmer until clear. Turn into sterilized jars or glasses and when cold cover with hot paraffin.

Black Raspberry Conserve.

COMBINE 1 pint black raspberries, 2 pints pitted sour cherries and 2½ cups sugar and cook until thick and clear. Turn into sterilized jars or glasses and when cold cover with hot paraffin.

Superbroil Salad.

PARBOIL a pair of sweetbreads until tender. Drain and chill and cut in half-inch cubes. Mix with an equal quantity of diced cucumbers. Season with salt and pepper and moisten with cream dressing, diluted with mild vinegar to a moist consistency. Toss to make the dressing. Heat ½ cup thick cream until stiff. Add a few grains salt, a little pepper and 2 tablespoons vinegar gradually.

Neufchatel Cheese Salad.

MASH one Neufchatel cheese, adding a little cream as needed. Shape into small balls. Arrange on crisp lettuce and garnish with crisp radish roses or sliced radishes. Serve with well seasoned French dressing.

Watercress Salad.

CAREFULLY wash watercress. Drain and chill. Serve with well seasoned French dressing.

Eggless Potato Mayonnaise.

BAKE a very mealy potato. Scoop out and mash the potato. Add 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon powdered sugar. Add 2 tablespoons vinegar, milk and cream through sieve. Add slowly 1 tablespoon vinegar alternately with ¼ cup salad oil, beating constantly.

Ham Bake Roast.

MAKE a circle of flat stones in the site of the whole intended roast the size of the

Rhode Island Herb Mixture.
(From a reader).

DRY and powder marjoram, basil, bay leaves, thyme and parsley. Add a small quantity dried and powdered lemon peel and a little pepper. To an ounce of the powdered mixture add ½ teaspoon salt. Sift the mixture and place in dry bottle and cork closely.

Poached Egg Rabbit.

MIX 1 pint tomatoes, ¼ teaspoon soda, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt and simmer 5 or 10 minutes. Strain and thicken with 2 tablespoons flour blended with 2 or 3 tablespoons cold water. Add 1 cup grated cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Poach 6 eggs and place them on 6 pieces of hot buttered toast. Pour the sauce around the eggs. Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with crisp parsley.

Baked Rice.

HAVE ready 3 cups rice (carefully cooked so that grains are dry and separate), 2 cups grated cheese, 1 cup milk and bread crumbs. Arrange alternate layers of the rice and cheese in a greased baking dish. Add milk, salt and pepper to taste, cover generously with the crumbs and dot with 2 tablespoons butter. Bake in a moderate oven at about 375 degrees F. until crumbs are browned.

Luncheon Eggs.

POUR 1 cup cream into shallow baking dish. Carefully add 6 eggs, so that yolks are not broken. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and grated cheese (2 or 3 tablespoons) and bake in a slow oven until eggs are set and cheese is melted. Serve immediately.

Orange Mint Sauce
(Old Fashioned).

POUR 1 cup boiling water over 1 cup finely chopped mint leaves. Cover closely and let it stand until cold. Stir in an equal quantity of orange marmalade.

Currant Mint Sauce.

STIR 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint into 1 glass of red currant jelly.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Peaches, Whole Grain Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Oatmeal Gems, Coffee.	Prune Juice, Cereal, French Toast, Fruit or Maple Syrup, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Bacon Omelet, Delicate Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Canadian Bacon, Muffins, Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice or Melon, Cereal, Codfish Eggs, Banana Popovers, Fruit.	Prunes, Cereal, Cream, Raw Potato Pancakes, Bacon, Coffee.	Orange Juice or Grapes, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toasted Left-Over Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Tomato Frappe, Creamed Salmon on Waffles, Green Bouquet Salad.	Pork and Beans or Lima Beans in Casserole, Pickle, Celery and Lettuce Salad, Brown Bread, Plum or Apple Sauce, Tea.	Cabbage au Gratin, Tomato Rolls, Pickle, Sliced Peaches with Raspberry or Orange Sherbet, Cookies.	Cheese Souffle, String Beans, Chiffonade Green Salad, Olives, French Dressing, Caramel Custard, Iced Tea with Lemon.	Potato Salad, Jellied Salmon, Ice Box Rolls, Pineapple Sherbet, Oatmeal Macaroons, Iced Punch, Tea or Coffee.	Spaghetti Italienne, Relish, Celery and Apple Salad, Baking Powder Rolls with Apricot Sauce, Iced Tea.	Cocktail, Frozen Dried Beef, Apple and Horseradish Appetizers, Baked Slice of Ham, Glazed Carrots, Steamed India Rice, Stuffed Summer Squash or Baked Okra, Peach Ice Cream.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Meat Loaf, Green Peas, Noodles, Asparagus Salad, Savory French Dressing, Pear Meringue.	Baked Rice and Cheese, Low on the Cob, Buttered Beets, Lettuce Salad with Mustard Salted Olives, Lemon Sherbet, Walnut Cream Cakes.	Broiled Paprika Potatoes, Corn Fritters, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, Salad Dressing, Apple Pie with Cheese.	Mint Bouquet Beef Broiled, Chicken, Broiled Paprika Potatoes, Corn Fritters, Tomato and Lettuce Salad, Salad Dressing, Apple Pie with Cheese.	Old-Fashioned Chowder, Water Crackers, Cucumber Salad, Salad Dressing, Frozen Bread Pudding.	Liver and Bacon en Brochette, Old-Fashioned Floury Potatoes, Cabbage and Raisin Slaw, Fruit Tapioca Cream.	Luncheon Eggs, Macaroni Salad, Iced Lemonade.

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DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

BOY, HOW FLORIDA GRAPEFRUIT JUICE HITS THE SPOT THESE HOT DAYS
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A delicious Fruit Cup

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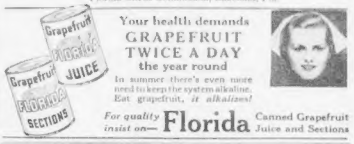
Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Fla.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